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NUMBER 196 JANUARY 1978

MAD

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the usual gang of idiots

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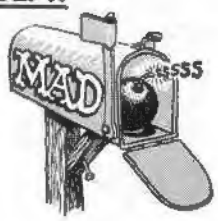

MAD OVERSEAS

I've heard that there are many foreign editions of MAD, and that MAD paperback books are published in many languages. I wonder what they look like?

Marty Goldberg
Brookfield, Conn.

PORTUGUESE

DUTCH

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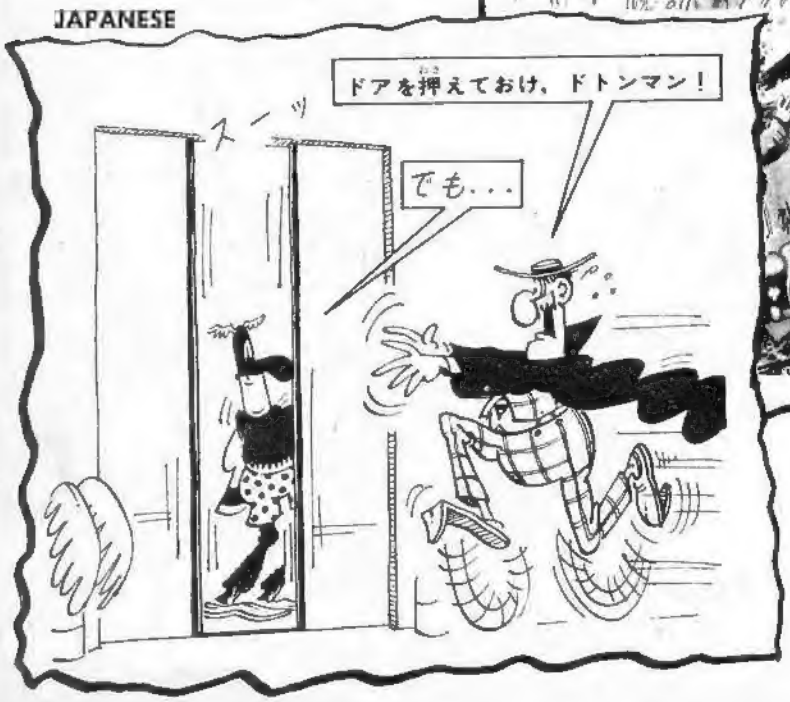

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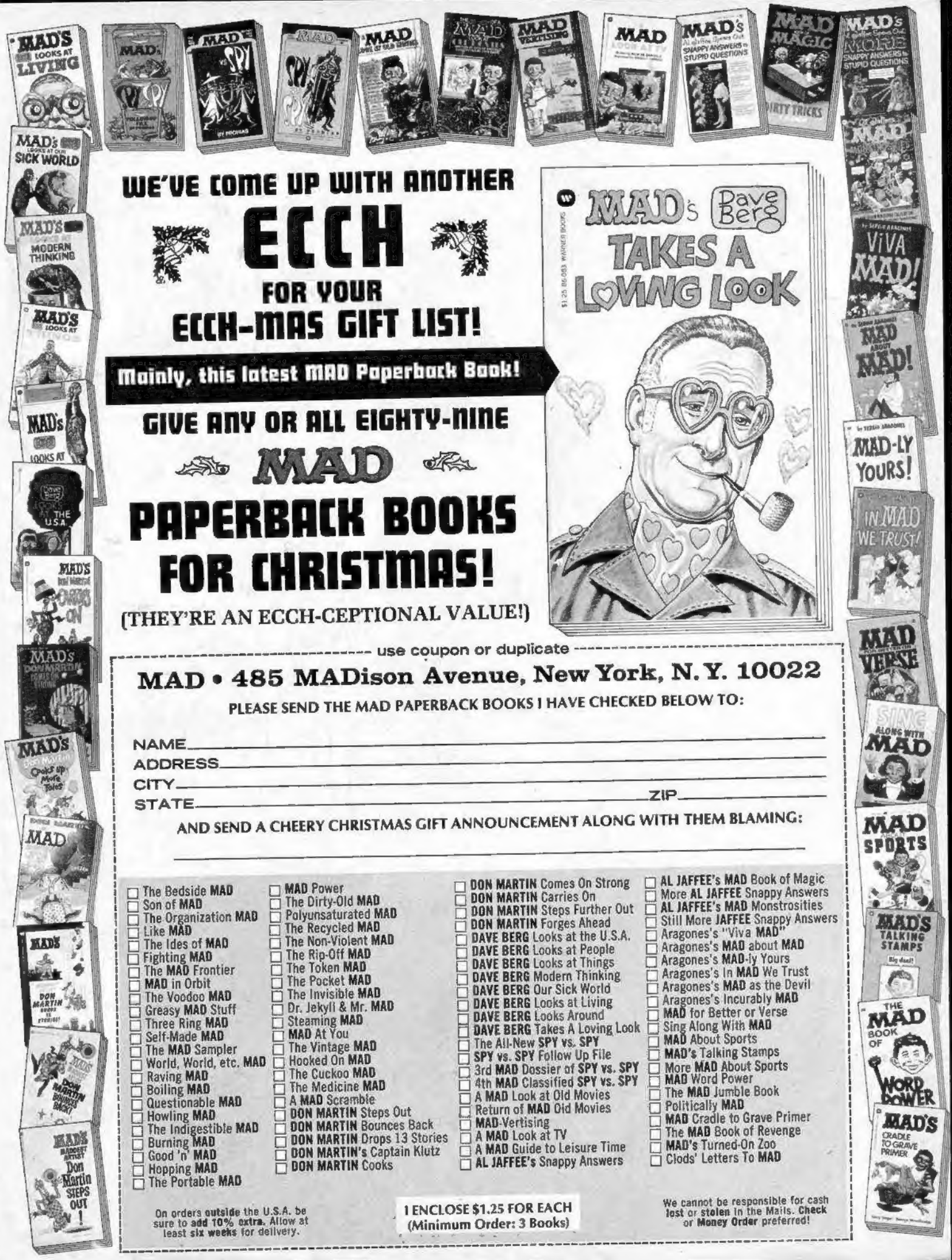

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IN A GALAXY MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY, A BAD EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE HAS PLANS FOR A SUPER SPACE STATION THAT CAN DESTROY AN ENTIRE PLANET. LED BY GOOD PRINCESS LAIDUP, REBEL FORCES STEAL THE PLANS...AND A MIGHTY STAR WAR TAKES PLACE

That rotten, evil Galactic Empire . . . **killing** and **destroying** everything in sight!!

Wiping out planets and civilization, I can **almost excuse!** But when they start picking on poor defenseless **movie introductions** . . .

Hey, clue me in . . . How do we tell the **GOOD GUYS** from the **BAD GUYS** around here, anyway?!

Simple! The **WHITES** are **BAD!** The **BLACKS** are **GOOD!**

Where'd they **get that** idea from, **Ganoomo Sajo** . . . the ruler of **Mars?**

No, **Muhammad Ali** . . . the ruler of **Earth!**

If us **BAD** guys are in **WHITE**, and the **GOOD** guys are in **BLACK** . . . what's our **Leader** doing dressed in **Black** . . .?

You may not **believe** this, but he hasn't changed his costume in **20 years!** It **started OUT white**, but with all his **dirty work** . . .

You are now in my **power**, Princess Laidup! Return the **plans** you stole, and I'll make it **worth** your **while!**

You can't bribe **me**, Zader! You **forget**, I'm **fearless** and **honest** and **decent** and **incorruptible!**

Come on! Where are the **plans?**

If you **must** know, I gave them to a pair of **robots!**

You **gave** them to a pair of **ROBOTS?!**

I **never** said I was **SMART!!**

Incredible! Our ship goes faster than the speed of light, and our guns fire almost as fast as the speed of light!

Yeah . . . so guess what just happened! We shot ourselves down!!

What?! You mean to tell me that the In-Flight Movie is Bugs Bunny chasing the Roadrunner up a hill?!?

What do you expect on a seven second flight . . . "The Godfather"?

How high up into space would you say this ship goes?

Quiet! I'm about to say a prayer before we go into battle . . .

OUR FATHER WHO ART BELOW US IN HEAVEN—

That high, huh?

Boy, these space ships are noisy!! Maybe that's why they call this movie . . .

STAR ROARS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL WITH DICK DE BARTOLO

We got away, Bar-Stool! So far, so good! The Princess depends on us! Our mission must not fail!

Beedeep! Boop! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: If we're both robots, Cree-Pio, how come we look—and talk—so different?

Because I happen to be a magnificent, articulate golden Adonis, and you're a sawed-off, incoherent, stupid sack of bolts!

Beedeep! Boop!

TRANSLATION: I knew there had to be a scientific reason for it!

Goodness gracious, this planet simply screams for some—*Je ne sais quoi*—in the way of decor! Still, in some ways, it's a veritable Shangri-La! Take my hand, Bar-Stool . . . I'm a stranger in paradise . . .

Beedeep! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: As if I don't have enough problems, now I'm stuck with a fag robot!

Bar-Stool, we seem to be lost! Oh, dear . . . look what's coming! Fiendish creatures about to tear us limb from limb and commit unspeakable acts of cruelty upon us . . . !

Follow the yellow sand road! Follow the yellow sand road! Follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . Follow the yellow sand road!

Beep! Zit! Gack!

TRANSLATION: And then again . . . there's an outside chance they may be Space Munchkins!

Hi, strangers! I'm Lube Skystalker! I'm a senior at Buffooin Tech, where I major in *Incredible Space Heroics!*

Gracious, there couldn't be any money in THAT field!

You're telling me! That's why I'm minoring in Space Accounting! Hey, anyone ever tell you you look like an "Oscar"?!?

Take a good look! With your performance in this film, it's as close as you'll ever get to an Academy Award!

We need help! It's our Princess! She's in terrible trouble! I'm now going to press a button on my companion here, and an image will appear with a message that may mean life or death for the entire universe! Here goes . . .

Welcome to "Hollywood Squares"!

Whoops! Wrong button! Don't tell me you get THAT thing up here too!

Yep! There's no way you can keep it out!

Ah, here's the Princess now!

Save me, Oldie Von Moldie . . . wherever you are! You are my only hope! Otherwise, millions of people will be wiped out in a holocaust, the likes of which civilization has never seen!

Is that her whole bit? Just that?

No, actually she closes with a saxophone solo that'll blow your mind! But you get the idea! Lube, you must help us find Oldie Von Moldie!

Hop in my space car!

Look! There's Oldie Von Moldie!! Many years ago, my Father and he were Military Pilots together! Now, he's 97 . . . he can hardly see . . . and his hands shake terribly!

What does he do now?

What else? He's a Commercial Airlines Pilot!

Oldie, Princess Laidup is in the hands of that rat, Zader! We haven't a moment to lose!

Eh? What's that? You say you want to go up to my flat later and sing the blues??

He doesn't seem to HEAR too well, either!

In his spare time, he moonlights as a Telephone Operator!

Very well, Lube! We will go into town, find us a space ship and rescue Princess Laidup!

But first, I must teach you about the Force . . .

The Force? what's that?!?

It is a Power that is all around us! It is everywhere at all times! It knows all and sees all! It is eternal!

They have something like that on Earth! It's called "The Internal Revenue Service"!

Hold it! Let me see your I.D.!

He doesn't have to show you his I.D.!

He doesn't have to show me his I.D.!

He can go about his business!

He can go about his business!

Gee, Oldie, how did you do that?

The Force gives you power over weak minds!

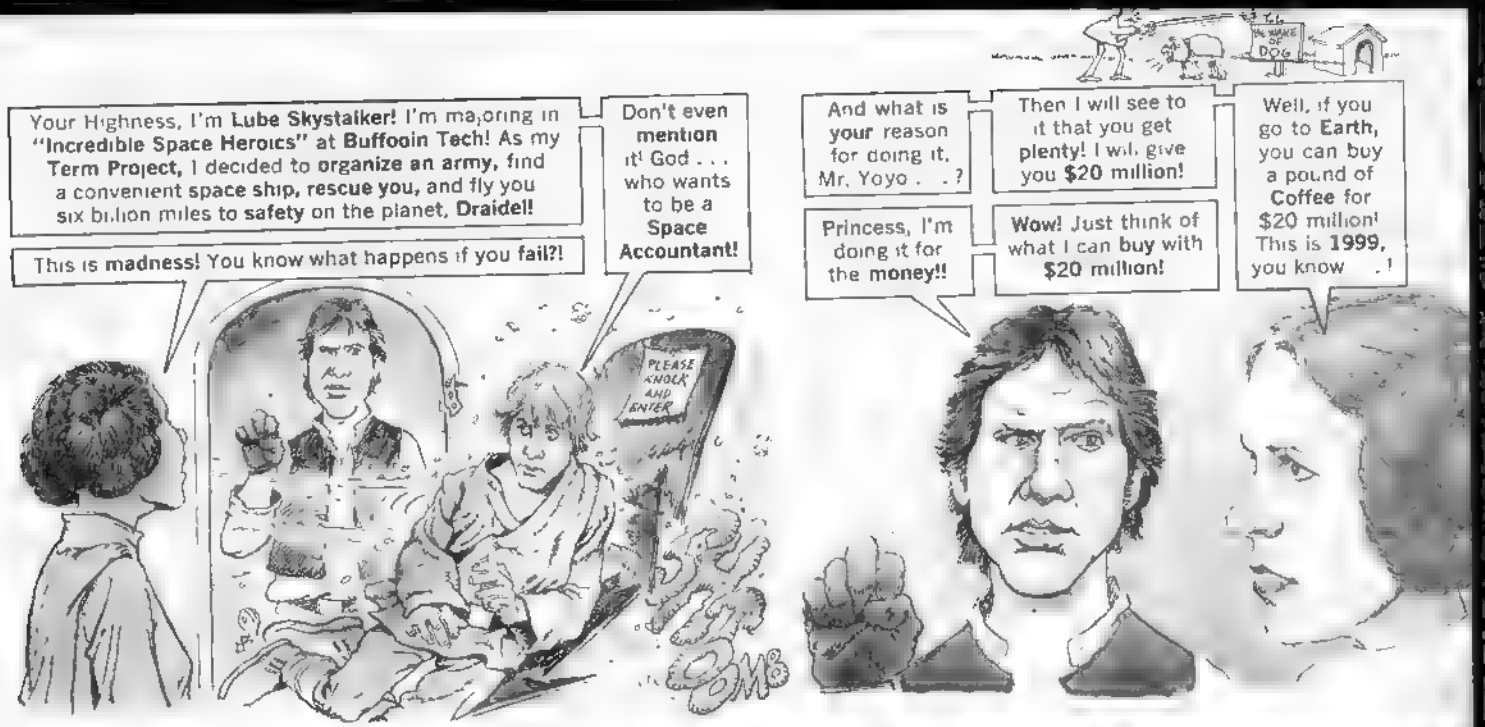
The Force gives me power over weak minds!

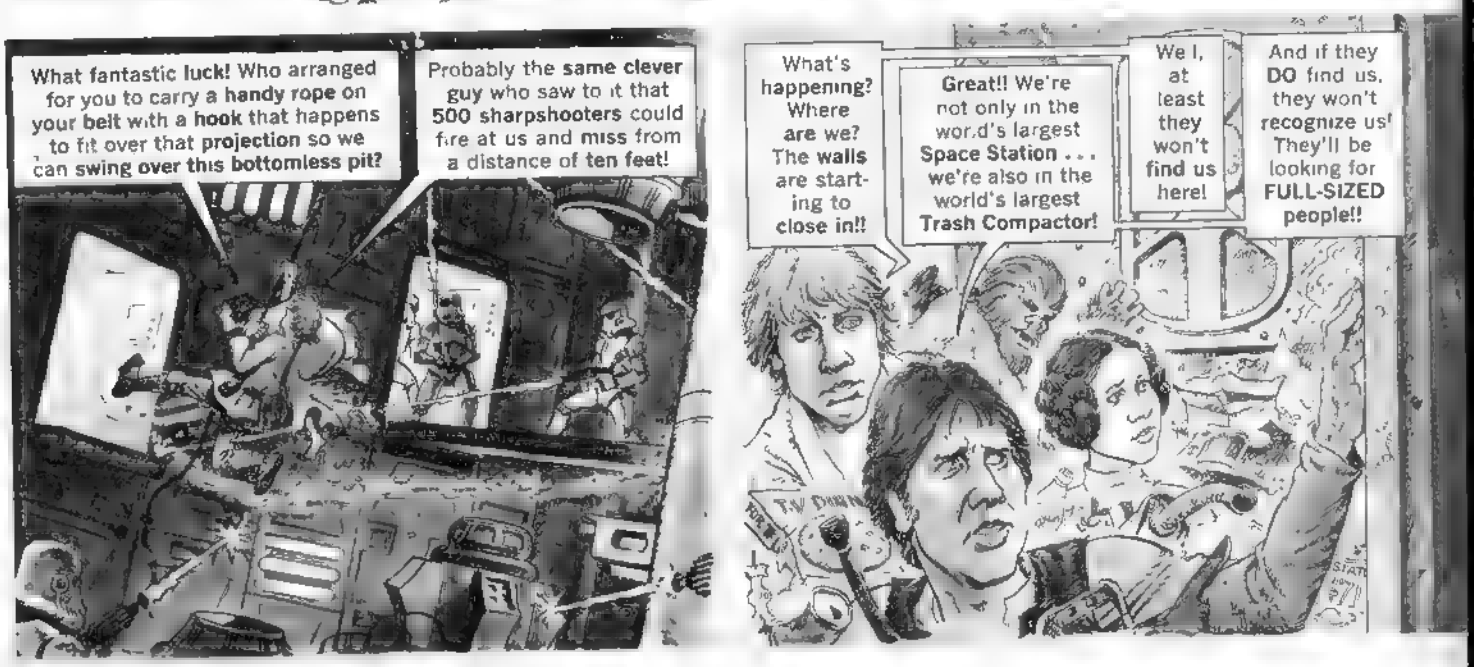
All right! Drive on!

All right! Drive on!

I can lick any mutant in the joint!
I can't go home, Zfrx! My gargoyle doesn't understand me!
Who in heck are you?
Does the name Quasimodo ring a bell?
Funny! This is what I usually see in a bar AFTER I've had a few drinks!
What's so special about this place? It looks like any Singles Bar in any big city on Earth!
I've had too much to drink! I'm seeing weird things!
This bar is FULL of weird things!!
I'm talking about those human forms that just came in! Man, those are WEIRD THINGS!!
Hi! I'm Ham Yoyo! I understand you guys are looking for a fast space ship to charter!
How fast?
28,000 REPTMS per hour!
How fast is that!
More than twice as fast as 11,000 REPTMS per hour!
Wow! That IS fast! Okay . . . we'll take it!
I can let you have this baby on our Seven Day Special! No daily charges, we supply the fuel, and you can drop it off at any planet! Let's see . . . at 15c a mile . . . for your trip . . . it will cost you . . . TOPS . . . 600 million bucks!
WHAT? That's preposterous! It's insane!
Boy, you sure drive a hard bargain! Okay, okay! I'll throw in the $2.50 Collision Insurance!
I knew he'd come around!!
No, no, Lube! You're looking at the target with your eyes! Try to "see it" with your mind!!
Try hitting it with this face mask covering your eyes! See? You're doing much better!!
But this mask has a little slit in it! I can still see out . . . !
Seeing with your mind, Lube, also means keeping your mouth shut!!
I hope you guys don't mind my bringing Chewbacco along as my co-pilot!
Wow! This has been one weird trip so far . . . hasn't it, Oldie?
Well, when someone piloting a ship I'm on starts pounding his chest, climbing the walls and eating bananas, I worry!!
Me too! And there's no telling what the APE is liable to do, either!

Princess Laidup, you are a prisoner aboard the most advanced space ship in history! It has fire power strong enough to wipe out any planet! It has speed enough to wipe out any enemy! And it has a Symphony Orchestra loud enough to wipe out any audience! Now watch as we destroy that planet ahead!
Excuse me, but I'm from the Electric Company . . . and before you wipe out any more planets, you'll have to pay your bill! You owe us $4 million in back payments, and that's just for YESTERDAY!!
I suddenly feel a sick sensation in my stomach . . . like a million souls crying out in terror! It's . . . an incredible disturbance, I feel . . .
Perhaps the Death Ship has blown up an entire planet . . . ?
Perhaps . . . ! Then again, it might be the radishes I had for lunch . . . !
Look! It's the evil Galactic Empire Death Ship Space Station . . . straight ahead of us!
Let's get out of here!
We can't! We've lost control! We're being drawn toward it! They have their X-5-G Nuclear Hoover-Matic on "Full Suck"!!
I've got good news and bad news! First, the bad news! That Death Ship Space Port is jammed with 50,000 heavily armed bad guys!
Gulp! What's the GOOD NEWS?
We probably won't have to go through Baggage Claim!!
Remember, lads, try to act nonchalant!
Anybody come by your post, Zargg?
Yeah! A party of six! Two guys, a 97-year-old man, a couple of robots, and a 14-foot ape!
Okay . . . but if you see anything UNUSUAL, let me know!
Here's my first plan, men! You fellows . . . take over the Control Room and rescue the Princess . . . and I'll take care of Zader!!
Look, Oldie! The bad guys have spotted us!
Okay . . . here's my second plan . . . RUN LIKE HELL!!


Your Highness, I'm Lube Skystalker! I'm majoring in "Incredible Space Heroics" at Buffooin Tech! As my Term Project, I decided to organize an army, find a convenient space ship, rescue you, and fly you six billion miles to safety on the planet, Draidel!
This is madness! You know what happens if you fail?!
Don't even mention it! God . . . who wants to be a Space Accountant!
PLEASE KNOCK AND ENTER
And what is your reason for doing it, Mr. Yoyo . . ?
Princess, I'm doing it for the money!!
Then I will see to it that you get plenty! I will give you $20 million!
Wow! Just think of what I can buy with $20 million!
Well, if you go to Earth, you can buy a pound of Coffee for $20 million! This is 1999, you know . . !


What fantastic luck! Who arranged for you to carry a handy rope on your belt with a hook that happens to fit over that projection so we can swing over this bottomless pit?
Probably the same clever guy who saw to it that 500 sharpshooters could fire at us and miss from a distance of ten feet!
What's happening? Where are we? The walls are starting to close in!!
Great!! We're not only in the world's largest Space Station . . . we're also in the world's largest Trash Compactor!
We, at least they won't find us here!
And if they DO find us, they won't recognize us! They'll be looking for FULL-SIZED people!!

So, Zader! We meet again! Prepare your Light Ray Sword for a duel to the death! I shall triumph because I have The Force!
Get ready to die, you black hearted villain!!
Good lord! My light ray has gone out!!
How ironic! Betrayed by a lack of faith in The Force . . .
. . and a ridiculously short . gasp . extension cord!

Well . . . you did it! You rescued me, you beat up on the bad guys, and now you are about to receive a hero's welcome here on Draidel!

Hello, people of Draidel . . . !

Terrible news, your Highness! Zader is boiling mad, and now he's about to destroy the whole universe! We need a courageous pilot to save us!

Lube, I have a favor to ask you . . .

Goodbye, people of Draidel!

The enemy is breaking through our defenses, Sir! They're using small one-man ships! We never planned on being attacked by anything that small!

I can't believe it! We build the most advanced space ship in history, and nobody thought about putting SCREENS on the windows!?!

Remember, I am with you, Lube!

I know that, Otdie!

Do you feel my presence!

More than that, I feel your weight!

So will you please get off my space ship! It's only built for one . . . and you're going to make me crash!

Besides, time is running out! We must penetrate their defenses, enter the target shaft, and fire on the exact spot that will start a chain reaction!

But how will you know where that exact spot is?

It's a one in a billion chance!!

Wait a minute . . . !! That may JUST be it!!

KER-

BOOM

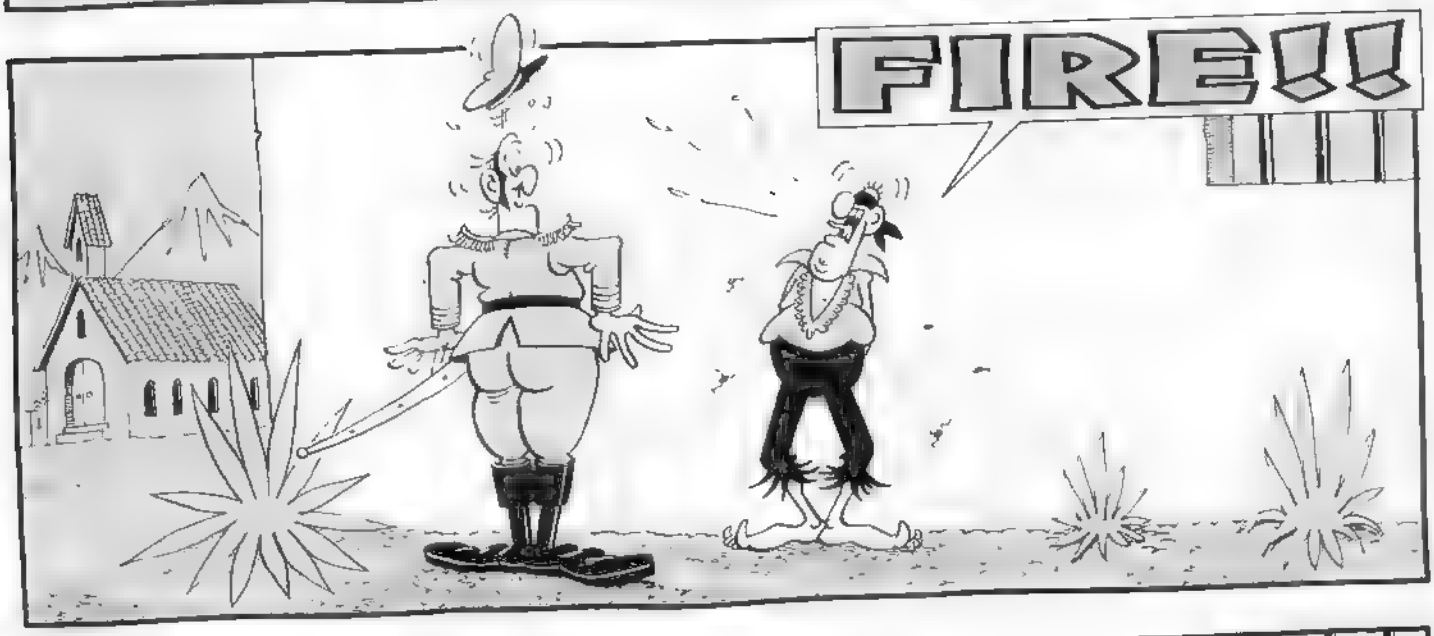
. . and so, in closing, people of Draidel, I would just like to say that tyranny has at long last been wiped from the face of the universe, and peace is here! The star wars are over forever!

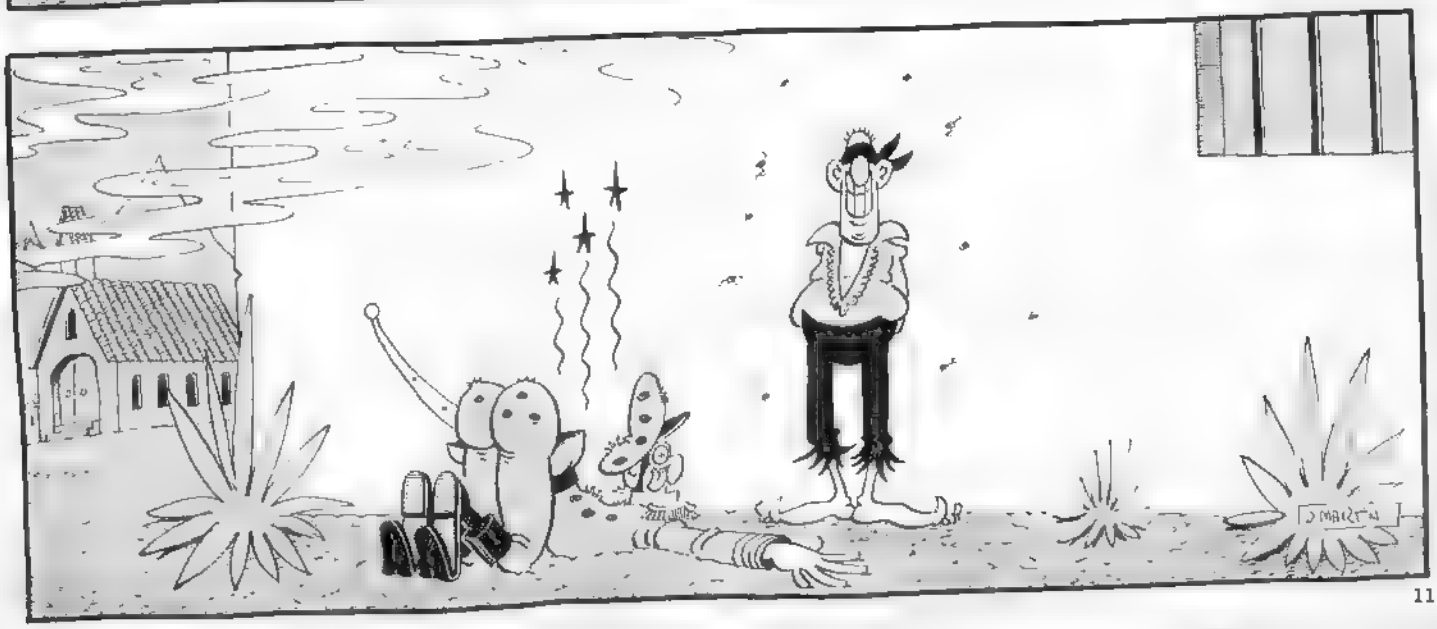
But . . . that's terrible! That's simply awful!!

Now that we've made the universe safe, we've opened it up for the tourists!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA





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Number 1 In A Series*

HOSPITAL

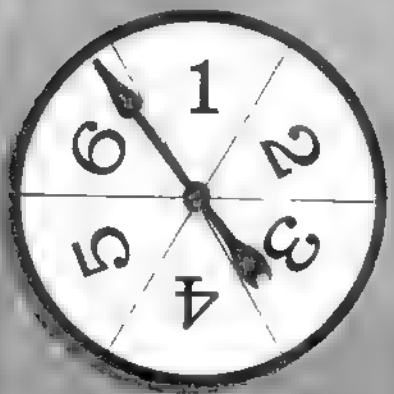
RULES

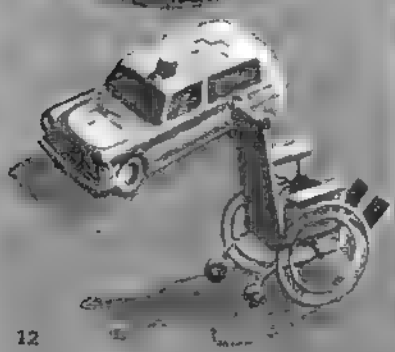
1. Object of game is to get out of *Hospital* quicker than anyone else. This can be done by **(a)** reaching "Home"; or **(b)** being forced "Out of Game" because of medical bungling or incompetence or both.

2. If all players fail to complete game, the "Least Loser" is player who *leaves Hospital* last. There is no "Winner" when you play *Hospital.*

3. Player with lowest tolerance for suffering goes first. If all players suffer equally, then player with most self-destructive habits goes first.

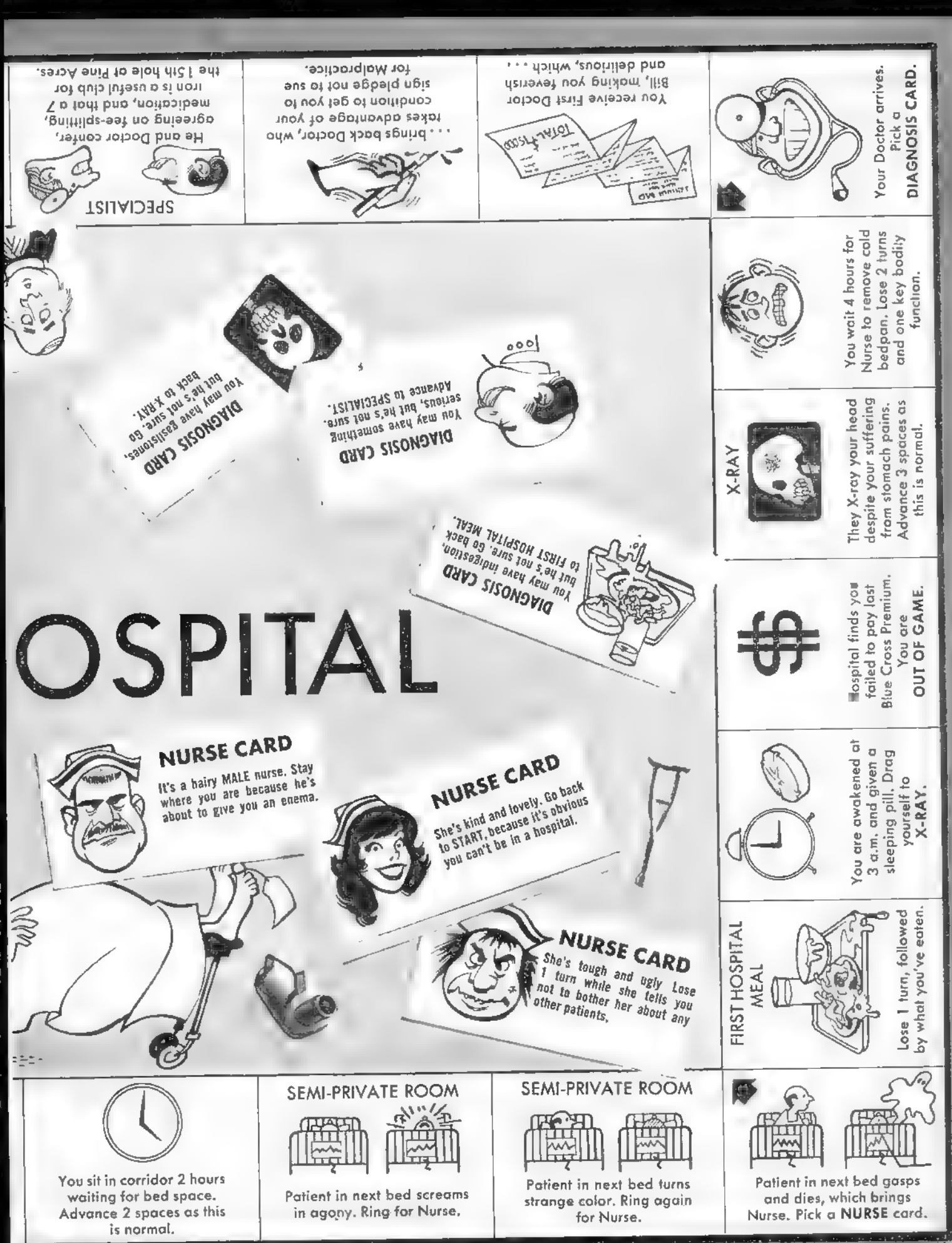
4. Each player spins pointer on "Spinner" and then he





ARTIST . BOB CLARKE

OSPITAL



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*Look For Another "Realistic" Board Game In An Upcoming Issue!

TAKING ANOTHER TACT DEPT.

There's an old adage that goes: "It's not what you say, it's the way that you say it!" Now, what exactly does that mean? A show of hands, please! Nobody? Well, it means that you don't just blurt out bad news to people, you use "diplomacy." Now, what exactly is diplomacy? Still no hands? Well diplomacy is the art of making someone feel good about what you say when he should feel rotten . . . or saying something in such a way that a person doesn't even realize you said it. Got it . . .? No? Well, you'll get the idea from the following examples of

MAD IN EVERY

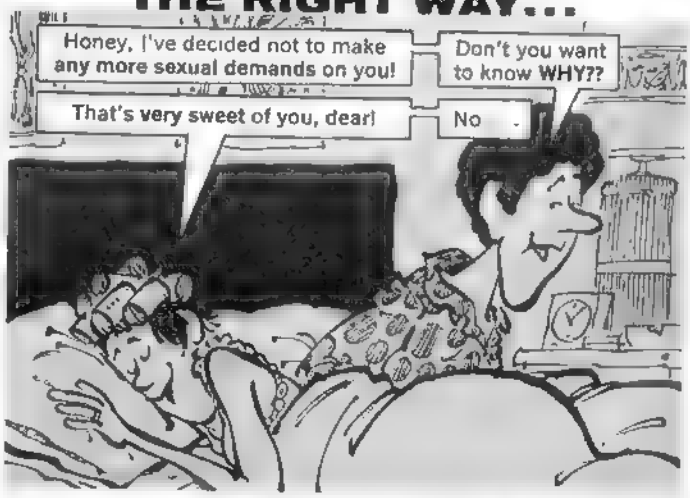
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

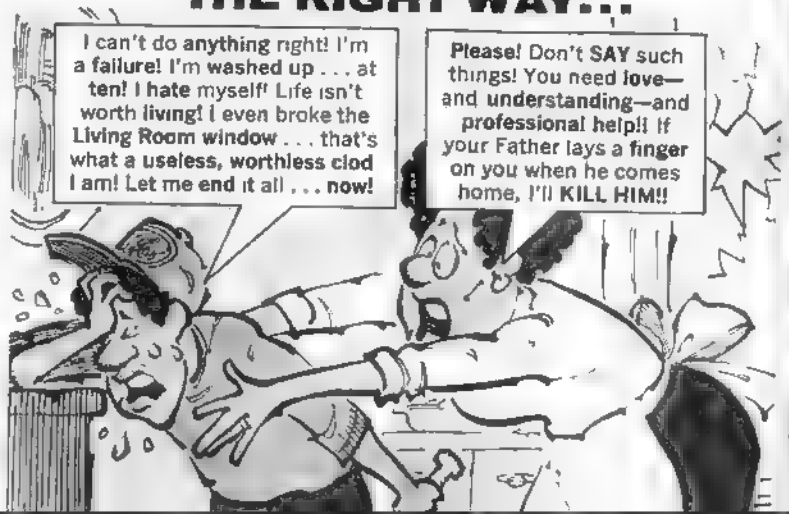
THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...

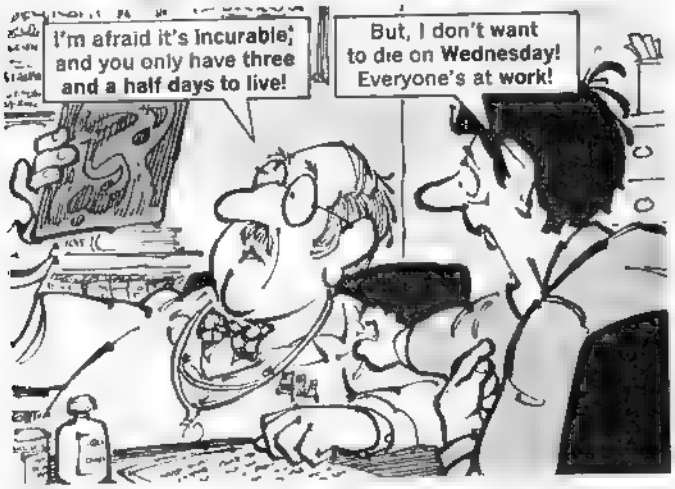
THE RIGHT WAY...



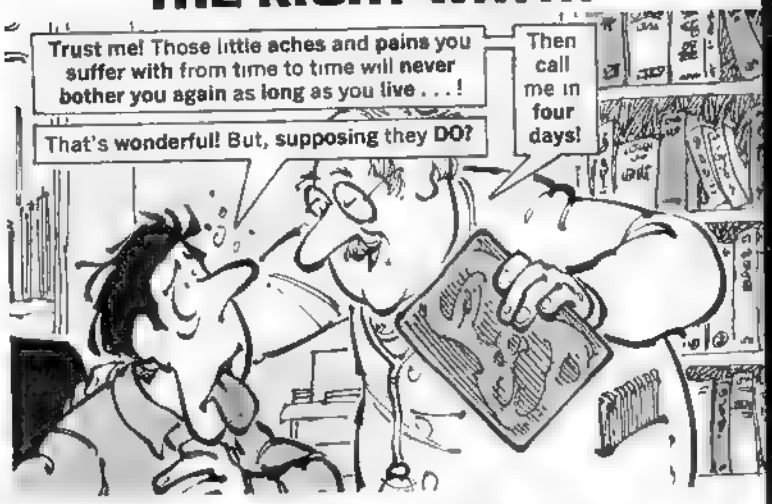
DIPLOMACY
DAY LIFE SITUATIONS

WRITER: STAN HART

THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...

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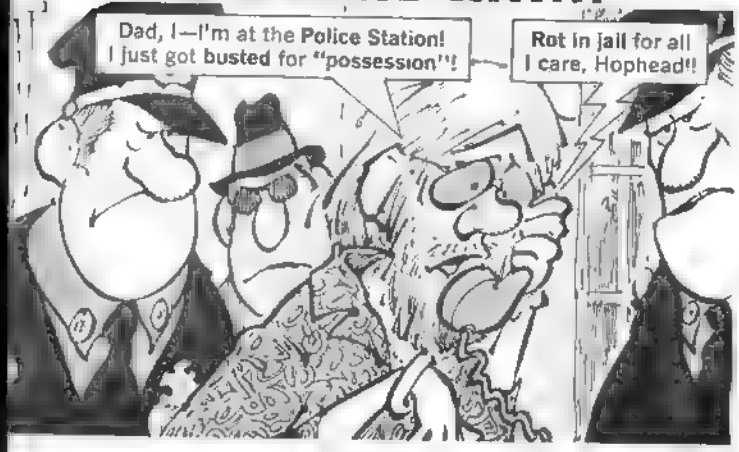


THE RIGHT WAY...

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

STAR CHORES DEPT.

If any of you have ever been dumb enough to write a fan letter to a celebrity, you know the standard procedure. After a couple of months, if you're lucky, you might receive an answer . . . which is usually a form letter something like this:

From The Desk of LEE MARVIN

Dear Eugene:

It was great hearing from you. I didn't know I had so many fans in Pittsfield, Massachusetts

No matter how much fan mail I get, I always try to answer each and every one. Because I figure that the people "out there" are what's really important.

When you're in the Hollywood area, why don't you drop by and say, "Hi!"...and If I'm not too busy, I'll say "Hi!" right back. Believe me, if it weren't for fans like you, I wouldn't be where I am today.

So thanks for your loyal support, Eugene

Yours truly,

Lee Marvin

Now it's pretty obvious that a secretary or a studio publicity department sends out these impersonal form letters and the celebrity never even sees them. Which brings us to this article. We at MAD think it would be much more interesting . . .

IF CELEBRITIES ANSWERED THEIR OWN FAN MAIL

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

BING CROSBY

780 Gower Street
Los Angeles, California

Bruce Jay Finsterneff
1228 East 31st Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Bruce Jay,

Well, well, well! Looky what we have here! A letter from Bruce Jay Finsterneff of Brooklyn, New York! A 13-cent Air Mail job, hand writ to the Old Groaner himself!

Steady, Bruce, while I lie back on my hammock, waft down a little Minute Maid o.j., and—while the little woman and the kids (the new ones) wamp up a mess of heapin' hot breakfast pancakes. Der Bingle is gonna put his John Hancock on some parchement, along with a reply.

Oh . . . and say! It's a good thing you didn't write to old Slope Nose Hope! I hear his Doctor won't let him read more than 15 minutes a day. It puts a strain on his lips!

Yours Too-ra-loo-ra-ruly,

Bing Crosby

ROBERT BLAKE

Universal Studios
Los Angeles, California

Brad Novitsky
2785 Peoria Street
Chicago, Illinois

Hey, man!
Listen, I ain't no real heavy writer, y'know. But if I don't answer my fan mail, people are gonna think I'm a punk, right? So I'm writin' to you. But let me tell you man, there ain't no way I'm gonna send you no autographed picture of myself. It just ain't my scene. And no matter what happens, there ain't nobody gonna change anything. And that's the name of that tune.
I hope we're straight. Later, Robert Blake

MEL BROOKS

MELCROFT PRODUCTIONS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Sedgwick Taylor
42 Paseo Nuevo Drive
Santa Barbara Calif.

To One of California's Leading Gentiles.

Hey, you're a sweetheart. I love a good fan letter like I love a good corned beef sandwich on rye. With a cream soda to wash it down, and maybe a nice nectarine. I figure any kid who spills his guts out to a Jewish maniac can't be all bad. Even though you're probably sitting there, wearing a seersucker suit and factory outlet shoes.

You've got a lot of talent, Sedgwick. You're a great writer. Better than Shakespeare! I mean it!! Shakespeare was a terrible writer. Did you ever *SEE* his handwriting? Shakespeare never crossed his "T"s or dotted his "I"s. But, you, Sedgwick, you've got a curve...a flow...a niceness...a roundness to your penmanship. Such a roundness I haven't seen since those twisted pretzels I stole from Feingold's Candy Store on Orchard Street.

So what can I tell you, but... Hey, have a nice life! I love you! I love your penmanship! I love your face! And I hope an ex-Nazi Storm Trooper never dances across your Sister-In-Law!

Mel Brooks

P.S. Under separate cover, I am sending you a ton of halvah...would you believe, from Zabar's!

JOHNNY CARSON TONIGHT SHOW

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
300 WEST ALAMEDA AVENUE
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91523

Mr. Myron Floss
2300 N.W. 47th Terrace
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Myron,

Getting a fan letter from you was the third greatest thrill of my life. The first was wrestling a 250 pound Viking nude in a field of cactus. The second was playing hand grenade volley ball. As you can see, Myron, I was really pleased to get your letter. In the words of the Great Carnack, "May the waters of the Holy River Ganges back up into your Sister's panty hose!"

Hi-yoooooh!

Besides everything else, your letter was dull. How dull was it?? Well, let me put it this way! I showed your letter to Tommy Newsom, and he fell asleep.

But I really shouldn't complain about your letter. At least it was complimentary. Some of the mail I get is...how shall I say it? Rough! It's from the kind of people that would go into the Arthritic Ward of an Old Age Home and short-sheet the beds. I mean...that's rough! A lot of nasty mail I get is from fans. But most of it is from ex-wives!

May I say in conclusion...you're quite unusual, Myron. You're one of the few people left who's never hosted the Tonight Show.

Sincerely yours,

Johnny Carson

GERALD FORD

Palm Springs, CA.

Miss Valerie Drenf
98 North Laurel St.
Utica, New York

Dear Miss Drenf,

Thank you for your nice note.
At the end of a busy day, it
pick up pen and ink and a
[redacted]
your continued support and confidence
in the days and years ahead.

Very truly yours.
Gerald R. Ford

RALPH NADER
P.O. BOX 19367
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

Maurice Kolodny
2855 Ethel Avenue
Bronx, New York

Dear Maurice:

Thank you for your fan letter, but I am returning it because:

(A) The paper does not fit the standards and specifications necessary to pass the Stationery Thickness Code.
(B) It falls under the classification of "Junk Mail", concerning which I presently have three bills pending before the Congress of the U.S.
(C) It is unsafe. While opening it, I got a severe paper cut.
(D) The gum seal on the envelope that you licked may have contained traces of a cancer causing chemical: vinyl tetrachloridate hydroxide, an ingredient that is currently being investigated by the Consumer Product Safety Commission. We will send you the results of their tests as soon as we receive them (if you are still alive).

Please feel free to write to me again...but on different stationery..

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Nader

REX REED

One West Seventy-First Street
New York City, New York 10023

Sheila Flivley
21 Boston Street
Cincinnati, Utah

Dear Sheila:—

Your letter missed by a mile! It was one of the ten worst letters I've read this year! It was at times so hackneyed, so boring, so heavy-handed, so cumbersome, so totally lacking in originality that I walked out in the middle of it. (Which was difficult, since I was reading it on a flight from LA to NY!)

It's just barely possible that this low-budget letter (The 8" x 11½" 3-holed loose-leaf paper was a dead giveaway!) could have been a mildly amusing, free-wheeling comedy piece (The opening paragraph requesting a lock of my underarm hair showed wit and promise!), but sadly, your letter emerged as a tired, trite, dreary excursion into dullsville!

Better luck next time out!

Very truly yours,

Rex Reed

From The Desk Of DON RICKLES

To: A Hockey Puck Somewhere North of Texas

Dear Hockey,

Who do you think you are, Edgar Allan Poe? Well, you're not! You write more like Baby Huey! In fact, you probably look like him!

Well, you know what, Huey? I tore your letter up! That's right, Fish Head! I tore it up!

I mean, where does it say "Putz from Panhandle Writes To Big-Time Star"?!? So do me a favor-- Sit on a rocket and do twirls!

But I kid you. We are all Americans. You're a farmer from Oklahoma, and I'm a comedian from the streets of New York. And I say from the bottom of my heart. ."We Don't Like You!"

In conclusion, what can I say except...I'm really a "nice guy". God bless you.

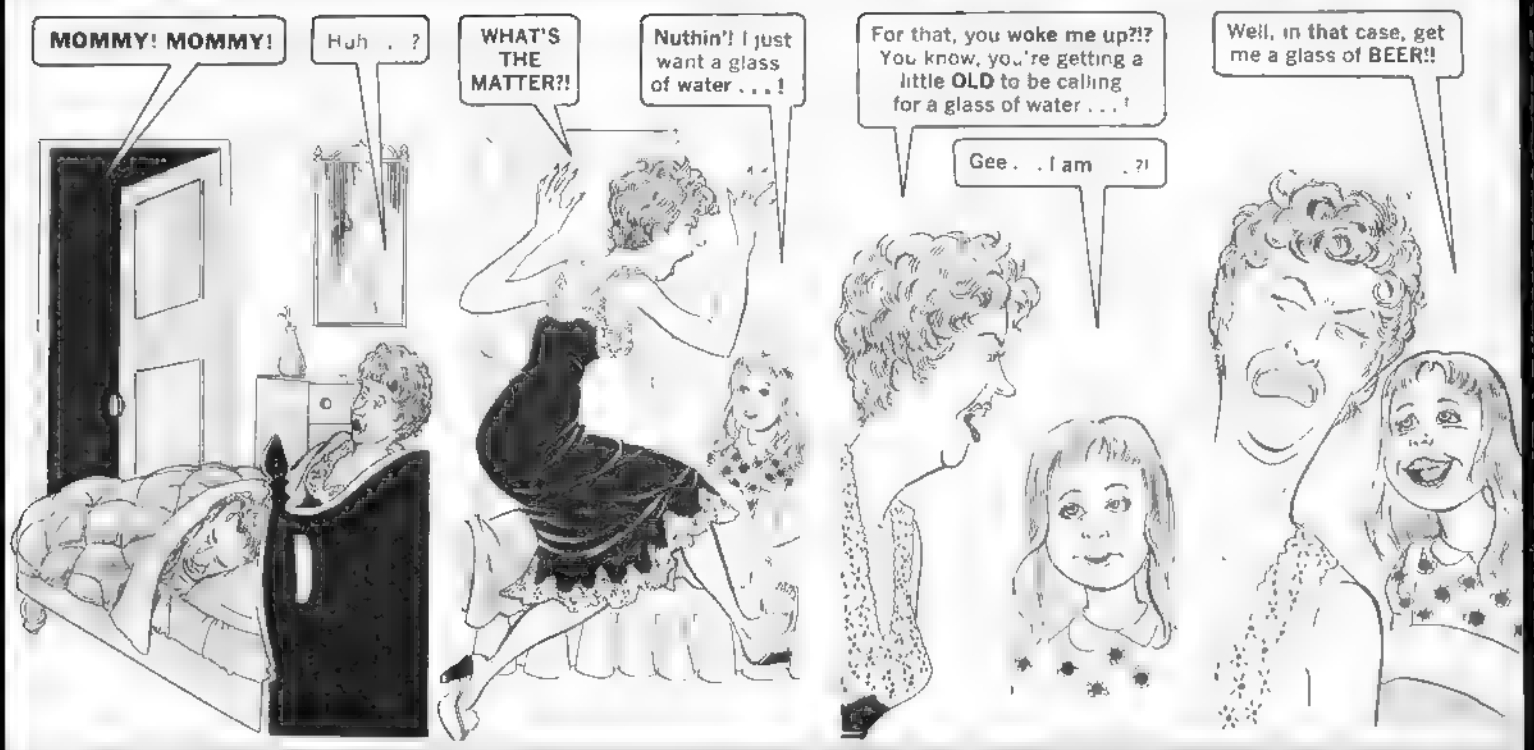
Respectfully yours,

Don Rickles

P.S. I don't ever want to hear from you again, understand!?!

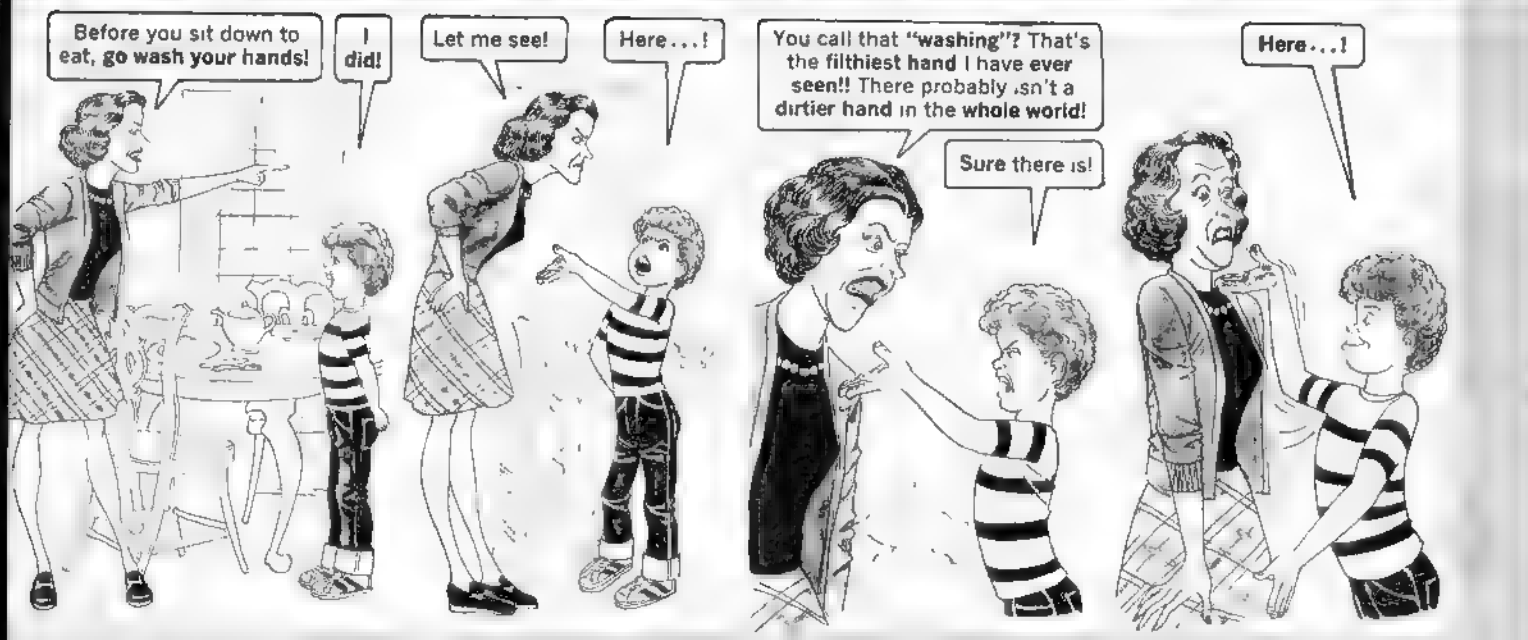
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

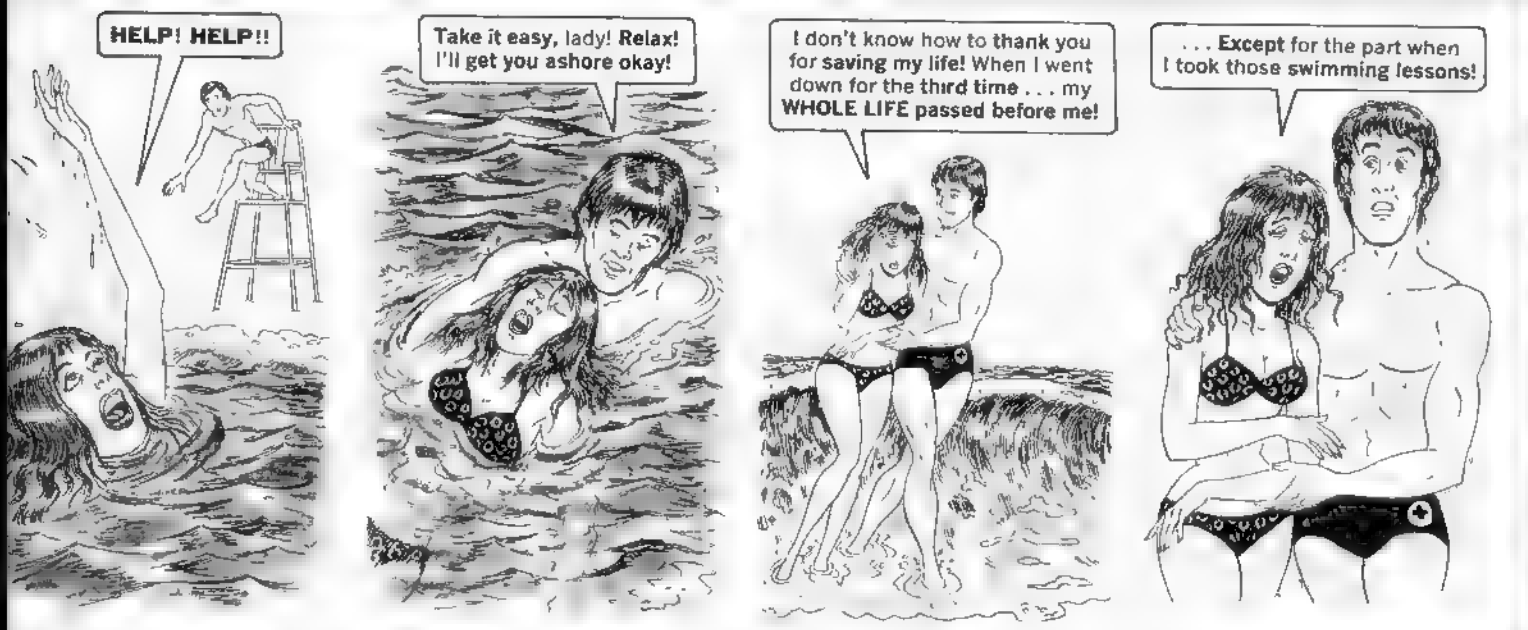
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WA

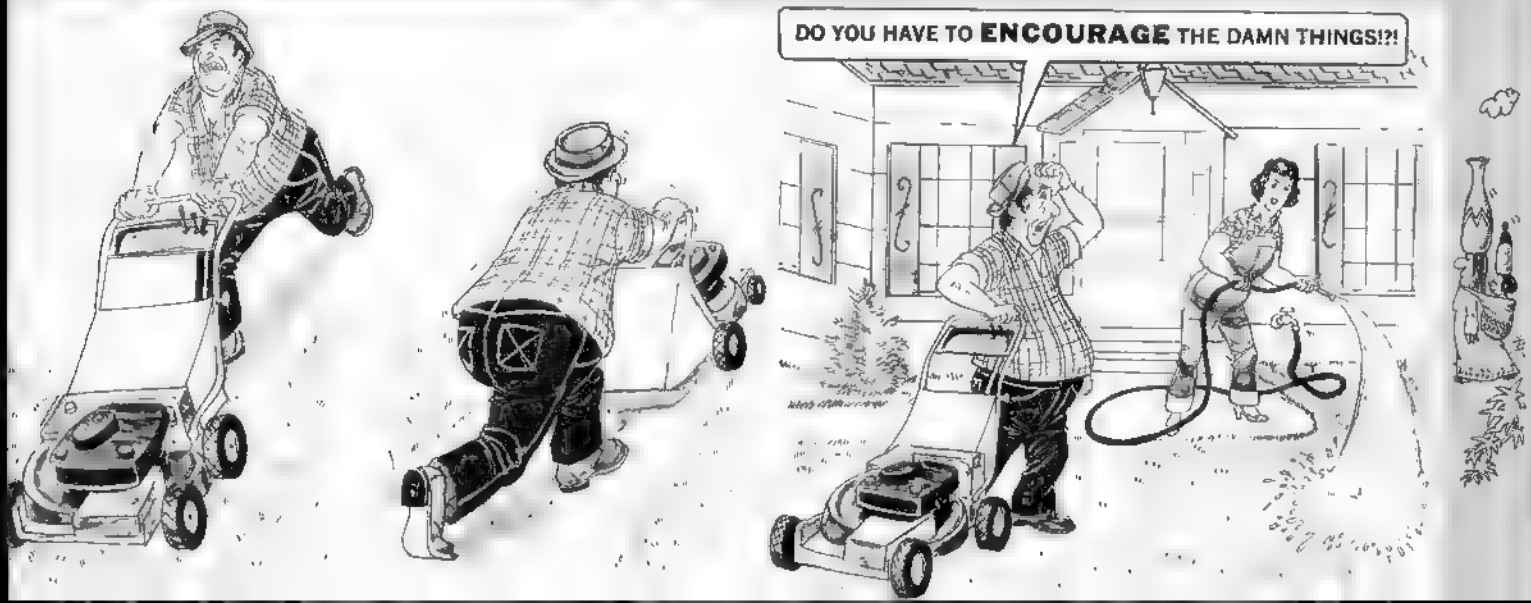


TER

WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG

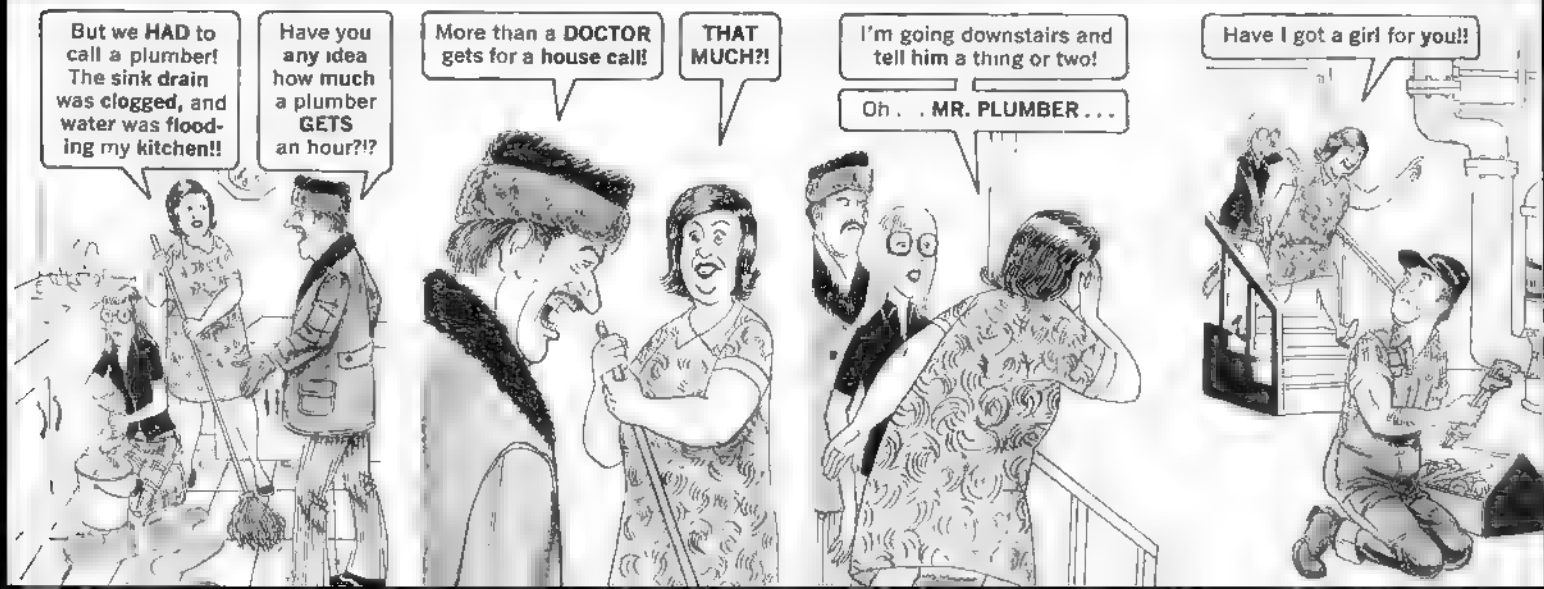

Before you sit down to eat, go wash your hands!
I did!
Let me see!
Here . . . !
You call that "washing"? That's the filthiest hand I have ever seen!! There probably isn't a dirtier hand in the whole world!
Sure there is!
Here . . . !


HELP! HELP!!
Take it easy, lady! Relax! I'll get you ashore okay!
I don't know how to thank you for saving my life! When I went down for the third time . . . my WHOLE LIFE passed before me!
. . . Except for the part when I took those swimming lessons!


DO YOU HAVE TO ENCOURAGE THE DAMN THINGS!?!

What's with you?!?
I'm GUILTY!! I broke a Commandment!! "Thou Shalt Not Kill! . . ."
You . . . KILLED?!? Who? Where? How?
I DROWNED her!
Just calm down! Don't worry! I'll stick by you! I'll get you the best lawyers! Now—tell me! Who did you drown?
Gladys . .
GLADYS?!? You mean the GERANIUM plant . . . ?!
Yes—sob—I OVER-WATERED her!

Your hair is all wet! You deliberately disobeyed me, and you went in swimming!!
No, I didn't . . . !
I was standing near the swimming pool . . . when I slipped and fell in!!
Oh, yeah?! So how come your CLOTHES are all dry?!?
I . . . I . . . I had taken them off!!
I sorta had the FEELING I was gonna be KLUTZY!!


But we HAD to call a plumber! The sink drain was clogged, and water was flooding my kitchen!!
Have you any idea how much a plumber GETS an hour?!?
More than a DOCTOR gets for a house call!
THAT MUCH?!
I'm going downstairs and tell him a thing or two!
Oh . . MR. PLUMBER . . .
Have I got a girl for you!!

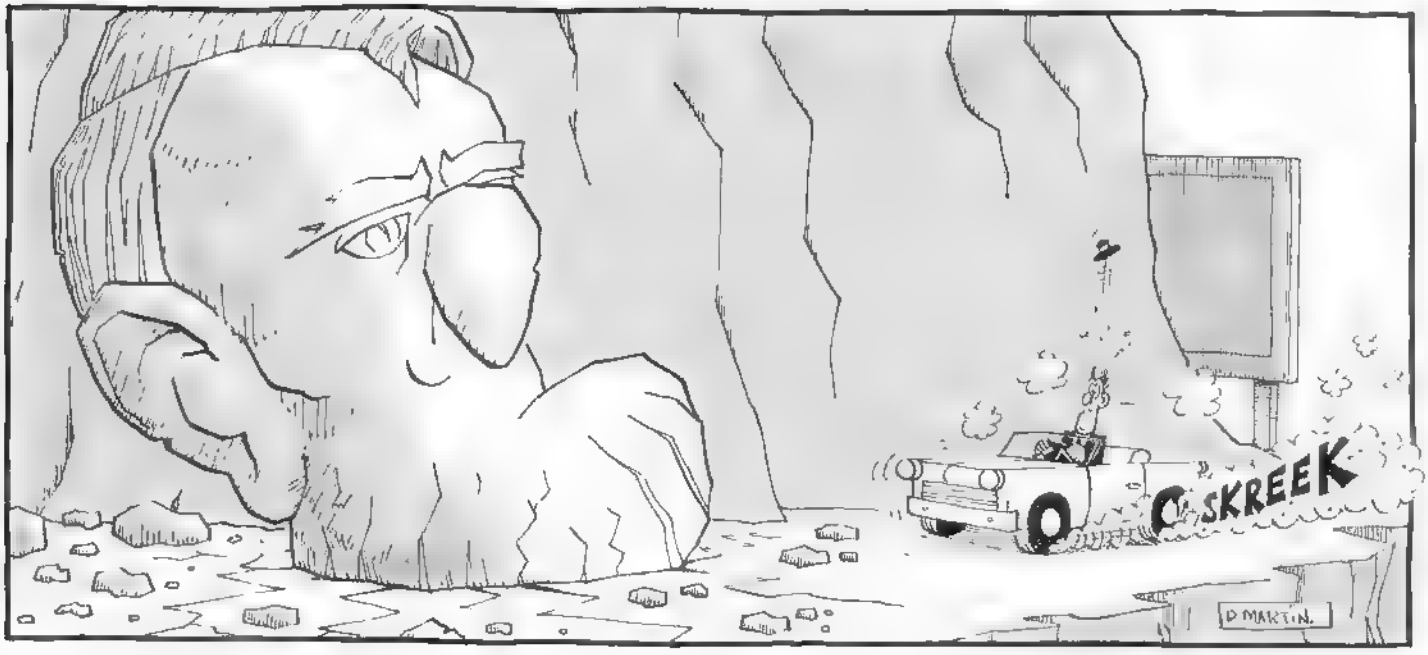
I see our little offspring has been grounded again! What horrendous thing did he do this time?!
Ask him!
Oh? It's twenty questions time? Okay! Question One—
Tell me, rotten kid, what rotten thing did you do?
SQUIRT
Now, you know!

It's the front door!
Who would be out in a storm like this?!
BING BONG
My God! It's Roger Kaputnik!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE IN THAT DRENCHING DOWNPOUR!!
GO HOME!!

How are you doing with the goldfish I bought you . . . ?
Oh, fine!
Did you feed them?
Yup!
Did you give them fresh water?
Nope!
Why not . . . ?!?
They haven't finished what's IN there yet!
THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE AFTERNOON IN SOUTH DAKOTA



CIVILIZED SERVANTS DEPT.

Every week, we read about another city where the Sanitation Men are striking, or the Firemen are calling in sick, or the Policemen are engaged in a slow-down. As MAD sees it, Public Services are monopolies with no competition. And, as MAD also sees it, the answer is to let Public Services be

IF PUBLIC SERVI
LIKE PRIVATE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

SANITATION

WE'RE SPECIALISTS! WE HAVE TO DO BETTER!

Each Member Of The Hockenbush Sanitation Team
Is A Skilled Veteran In His Chosen Specialty!

MAURICE

COFFEE GROUNDS
and
ORANGE PEELS

PAUL

CINDERS
and
ASHES

LEON

BONES
and
CARCASSES

MALCOLM

GREASE
and
CHICKEN FAT

PUT YOUR GARBAGE IN THE HANDS OF EXPERTS
WITH

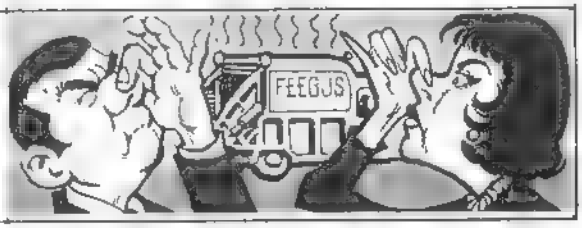
HOCKENBUSH

"The Sanitation Specialists"

PHONE 555-3219 FOR A FREE CONSULTATION AND ESTIMATE

Q. What's got orange peels, mouldy bread and flies?
A. The garbage truck of **GROVER (CUT RATE) FEEGUS!**

HE'S SMELLY . . . BUT HE'S CHEAP! **555-1237**



run as Private Enterprises so clods like us could have more than one to choose from. If Garbagemen and the like had competition, they would have to do a better job to make a profit and stay in business. The only trouble is, we would then be picking up our newspapers and seeing ads like these...

CES WERE RUN ENTERPRISE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DEPARTMENTS

WHEN YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR GARBAGE...
Call

GROGAN & SON

"The Discreet Dumpers"

We know how embarrassed you'd be if your neighbors found out from your garbage that you've been eating cheap chuck roasts instead of sirloins. That's why we tiptoe up your driveway between 3 and 5 in the morning, when no one's around to point fingers at those TV-Dinner cartons, empty hash tins and other cheap junk you wouldn't dare let anyone know about!

CALL US AT 555-3689 FOR A CONFIDENTIAL ESTIMATE

WASTE? REFUSE? SWILL? TRASH?

No Matter What You Call It, It's Still **GARBAGE**

And it smells! And so do my clothes and my truck! And if you get within 20 feet of me, you'll pass out from the stench! But I'm not asking you to invite me to a tea party! All I want is to pick up your garbage! Only twenty bucks a month, and you can mail the money so you don't have to come near me!

LESTER "MR. GARBAGE" DUNG • 555-3296

PICKING UP GARBAGE IS MORE THAN JUST A JOB—

IT'S THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

I love picking up a packed smelly can! I love taking off the lid and dumping the icky stuff jammed inside it! I love the potato peels and egg shells and slamming the can against the truck in order to knock loose all that gunky stuff that's stuck to the bottom of the can! I love garbage, and you'll love ME when you take advantage of my

THREE-MONTH TRIAL SERVICE

that I'm offering this week for only a few pennies a day!

ELMO'S

SANITATION SERVICE

"I care about your garbage!" 555-3962

DIRECT FROM THE 4-ALARM HOLOCAUST AT HARRY'S HABERDASHERY

FEARLESS PHIL AND HIS FIRE FIGHTERS

CHARLIE SIMPSON on the **Main Pumper**

SID "Big Walt" McCHESNEY on the **Hook-And-Ladder**

HANK FRISBEE on the **No. 1 Nozzle**

And Introducing **YANCEY CLANCY** at the **Hydrant**

ENTIRE PRODUCTION SUPERVISED BY FEARLESS PHIL FINK

From The Safety Of His Chief's Car

CHOICE DATES STILL AVAILABLE—CALL 555-3901

BEFORE YOU CALL A FIRE DEPARTMENT

COMPARE OUR PRICES!

Two-Story House	$249
One-Story House	$199
Garage	$119
Garage With Car	$149
Child Locked In Bathroom	$29
Cat Stuck In Tree	$19

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Our Blue-Ribbon 4-Alarm Special
Any Split-Level Blazing Inferno **$229**

ASK ABOUT OUR SPECIAL RATES FOR BURNING STORES, DUPLEXES, APARTMENT BUILDINGS & SHOPPING CENTERS

MANNY'S DISCOUNT FIRE DEPARTMENT

"SUSPICIOUS FIRES" ARE OUR SPECIALTY!

We understand about those mysterious blazes that occur so often in stores and factories of small businessmen about to go bankrupt.

We understand how important it can be that Fire Insurance Companies don't discover that these mysterious blazes aren't "accidental."

We'll never tell about those empty gasoline cans or the other damning evidence we find while putting out your fire ...*after* it has completely destroyed your factory, enabling you to collect fully from your Insurance Co.

LYLE'S FIRE DEPARTMENT

"The Understanding Ones"

CALL 555-1145 AND ASK FOR LYLE, ED, OR SID THE TORCH

POLICE DEPARTMENTS

NORBERT'S POLICE DEPARTMENT

The "Everything" Law-Enforcement Agency

NO JOB TOO LARGE, NO CRIME TOO SICKENING, NO SCHEME TOO CLEVER, NO OUTRAGE TOO HORRIBLE!

Gang Wars

Ended Efficiently

Ghetto Riots

Quelled Quickly

Murderers

Collared Courageously

Drug Pushers

Busted Briskly

Hold-Up Men

Disarmed Determinedly

Jaywalkers

Punished Promptly

FEATURING

"WHILE-YOU-WAIT GRILLING"

"ROUND-THE-CLOCK DETECTIVING"

THE CITY'S LARGEST SELECTION OF TEAR GAS, MACE AND OTHER EFFECTIVE CROWD DETERRENTS

ASK ABOUT OUR CONVENIENT ONE STOP FINGER-PRINTING SERVICE AND FREE PARKING

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF

NORBERT'S

THE "SUPERMARKET" OF POLICE DEPARTMENTS CALL 555-9445

If It Weren't For Glitch Brothers I'd Still Be Loose On The Streets!

says Convicted Trunk Murderer Hugo "The Hack" Snidefarthing

"For eight months, I did my thing with a meat-axe and never got caught! A dozen different police departments scoured the city for me, but not one of 'em got even close! Then, Glitch Brothers, with their ultra-modern methods of detection, were called in and I was nailed in 48 hours!"

GLITCH BROTHERS POLICE DEPARTMENT

BOB, VINCE, WALLY, HERB, DOM & RALPH

"We Succeed Where Others Fail!" 555-9800

This Week Only!

YOUR FIRST MUGGING INVESTIGATED FREE!

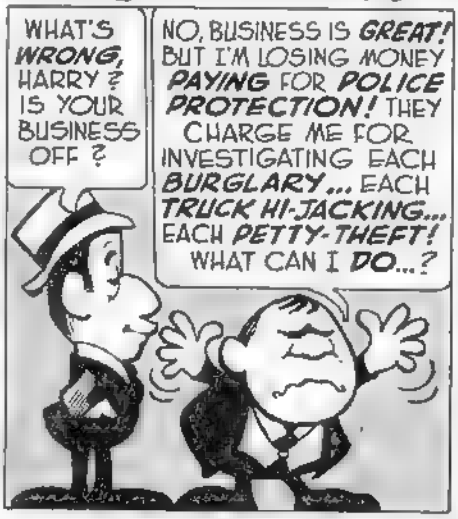
When You Hire Us For Any Major Felony Case

FEENY'S

POLICE DEPARTMENT

"Your Friendly Neighborhood Law Enforcement Agency"

555-9911



THE SHAPE OF ZINGS TO COME

A MAD LOOK AT...

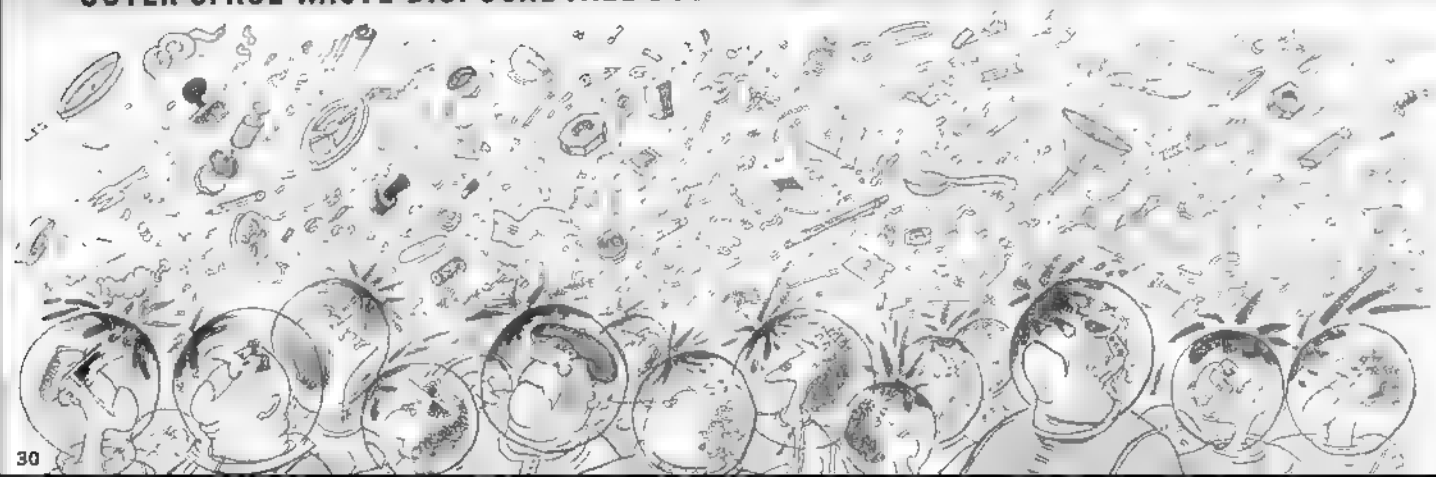
MISHAPS OF

ARTIST & WRITER·

DELAY ON THE 8:36 A.M. PEOPLE-MOVER

LASER BEAM LEAK

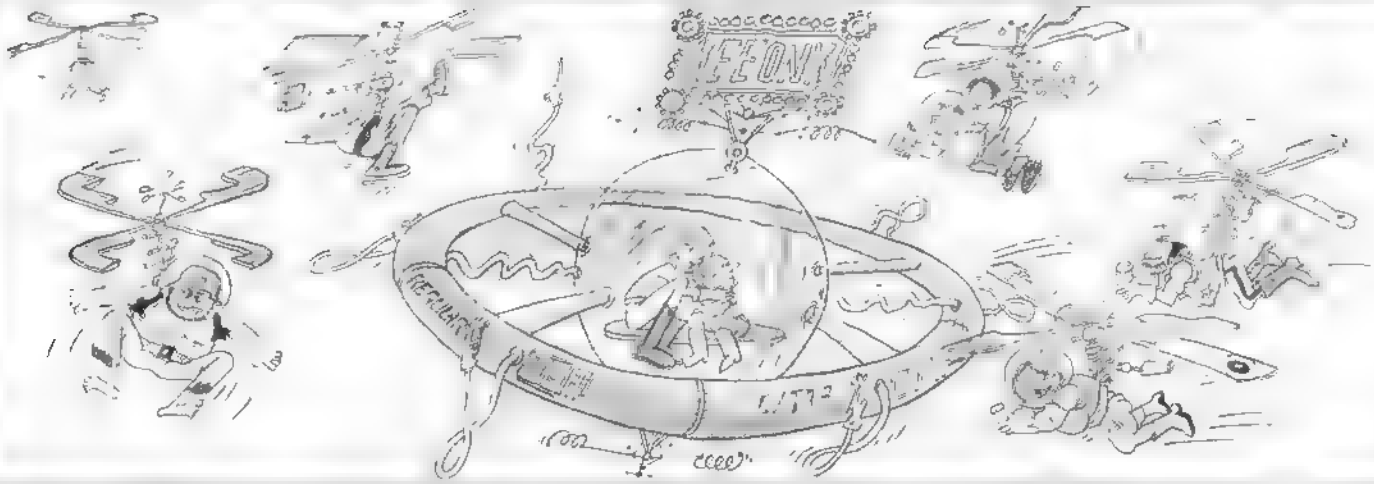
OUTER SPACE WASTE-DISPOSAL FALL-OUT



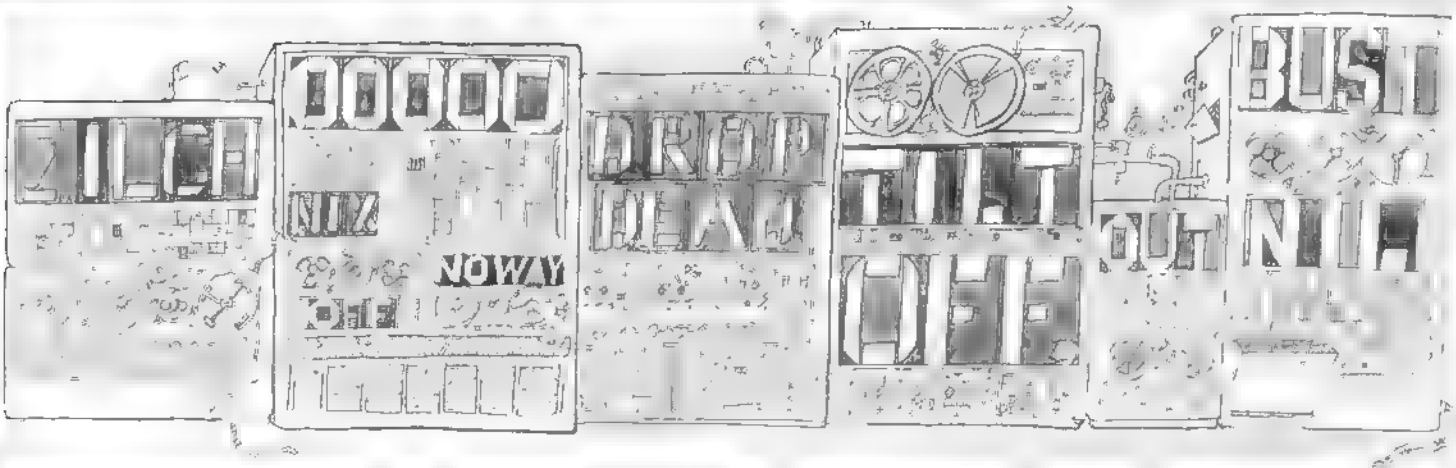
THE FUTURE

PAUL PETER PORGES

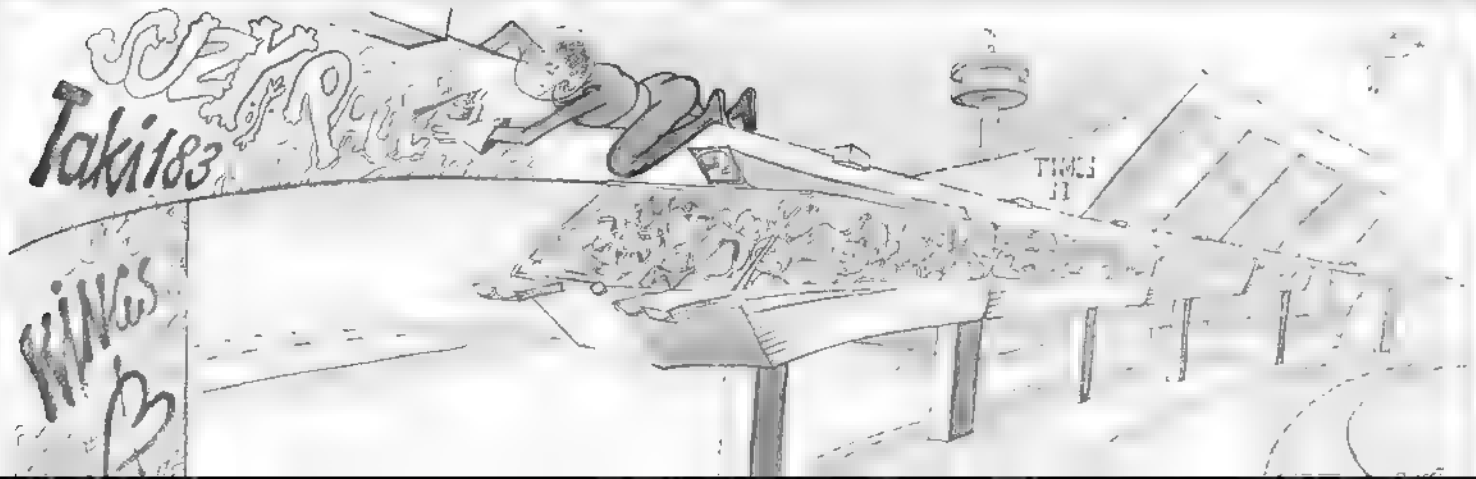
INVASION OF ISOLATED SPACE FUELING STATION BY OUTLAW MONOGYRO GANG



WILDCAT STRIKE BY CENTRAL COMPUTER DATA TERMINALS

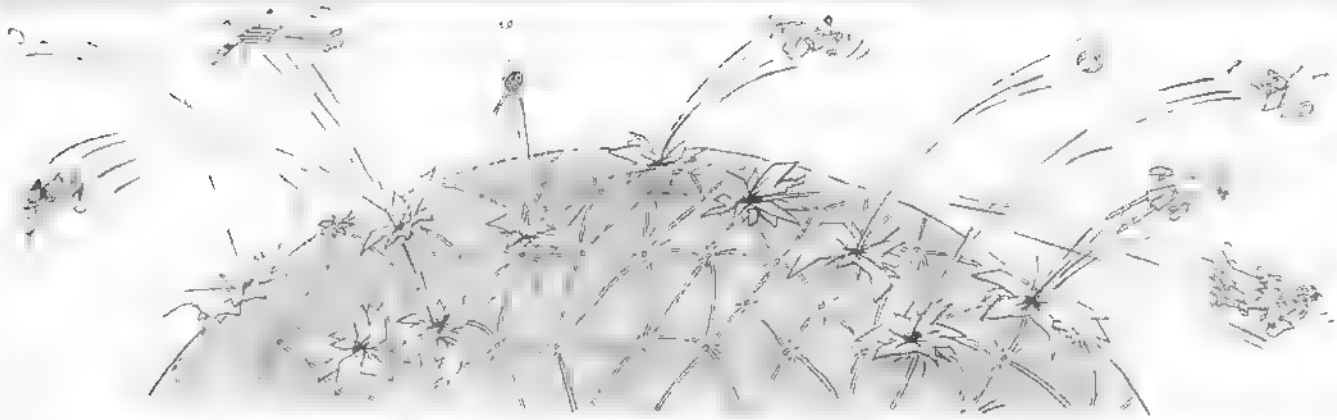


GRAFFITI VANDALISM OF INTERHABITAT RAPID MONORAIL

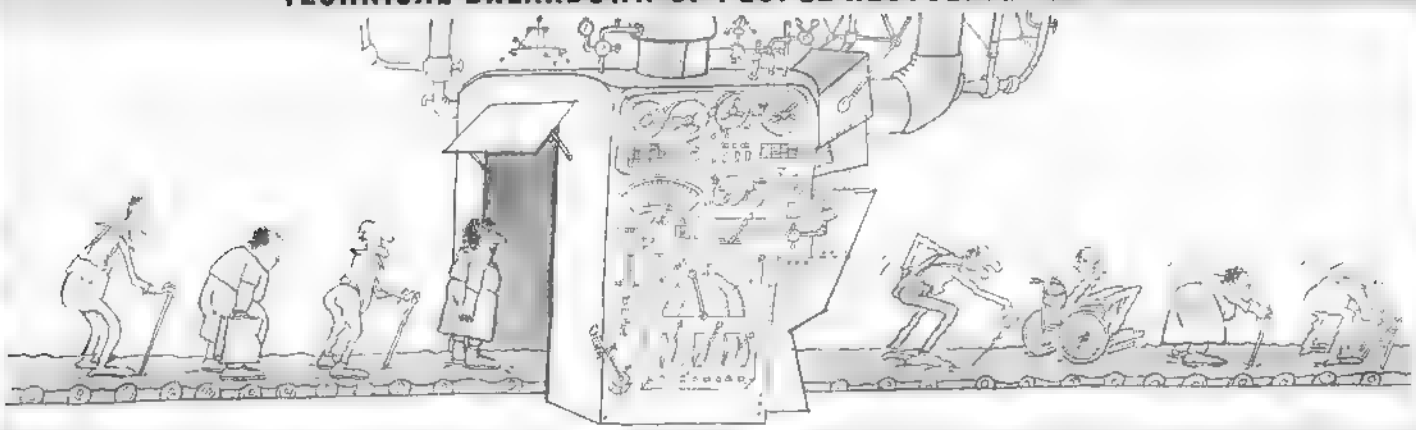


MISMATCH OF REPLACEMENT STRIPS TO OUT-OF-STYLE ORIGINAL ARTIFICIAL LAWN TURF

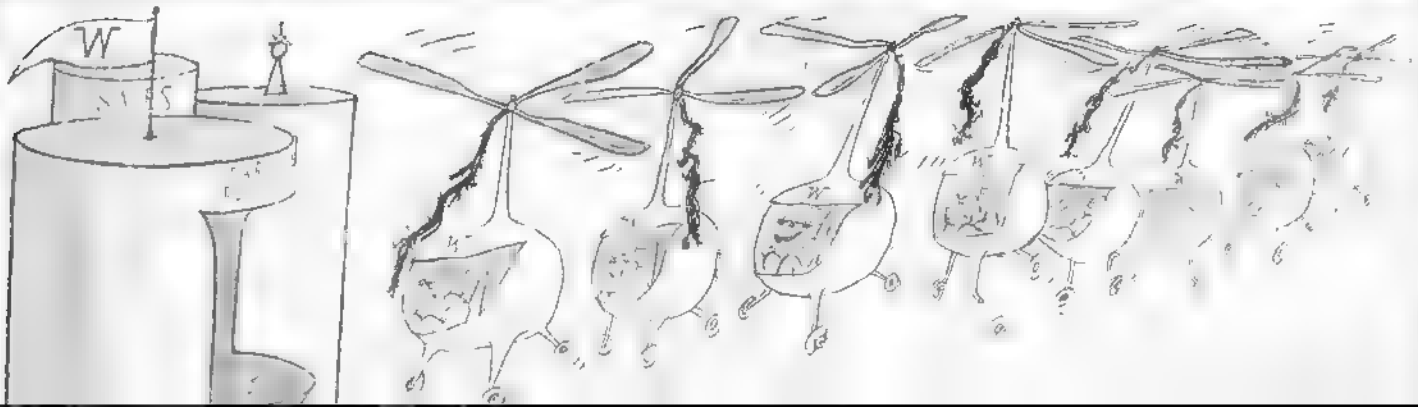
STRUCTURAL FLAW IN MOON SPORTS COMPLEX GEODESIC DOME



TECHNICAL BREAKDOWN OF PEOPLE-RECYCLING PLANT



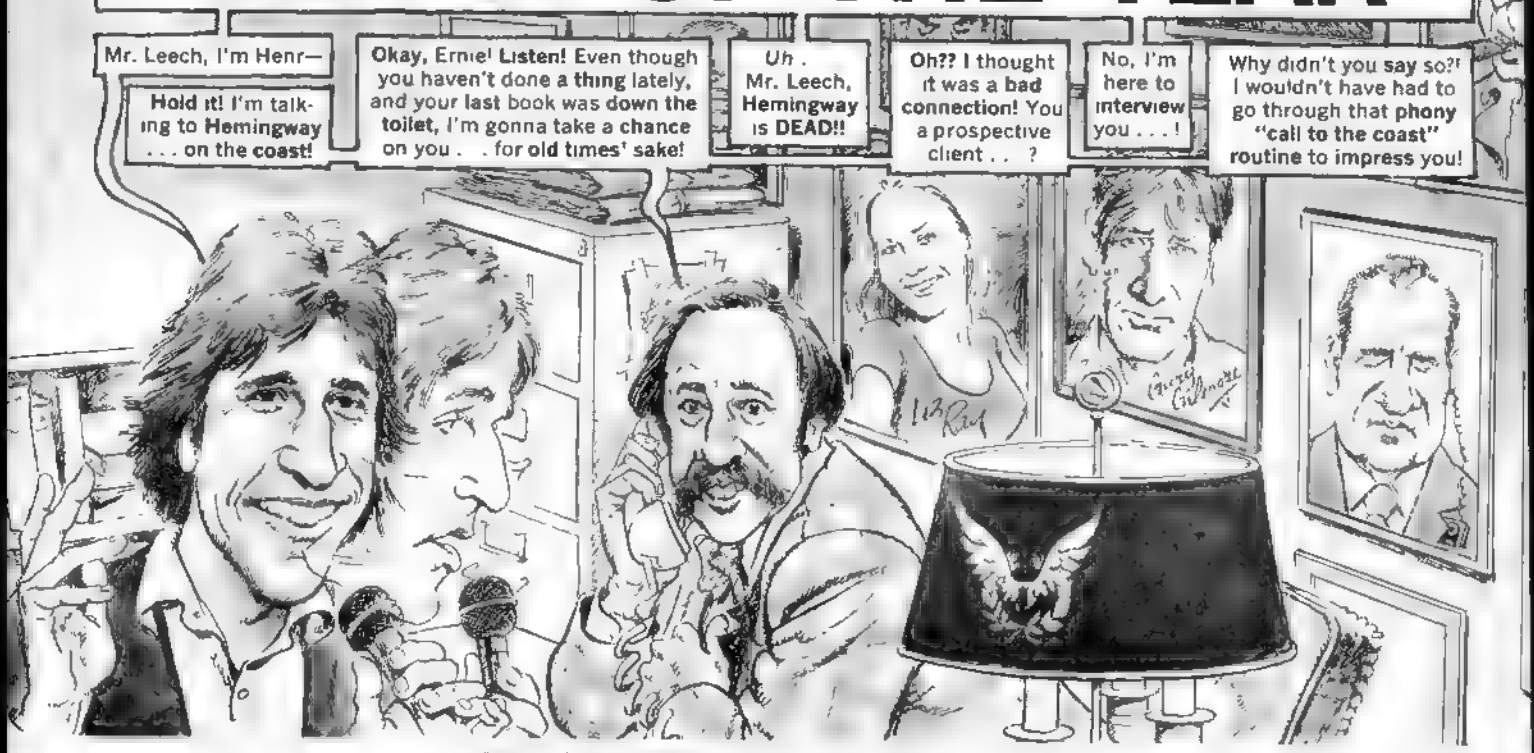
RECALL OF ALL MEDIUM-PRICED GYROCARS BY MANUFACTURER



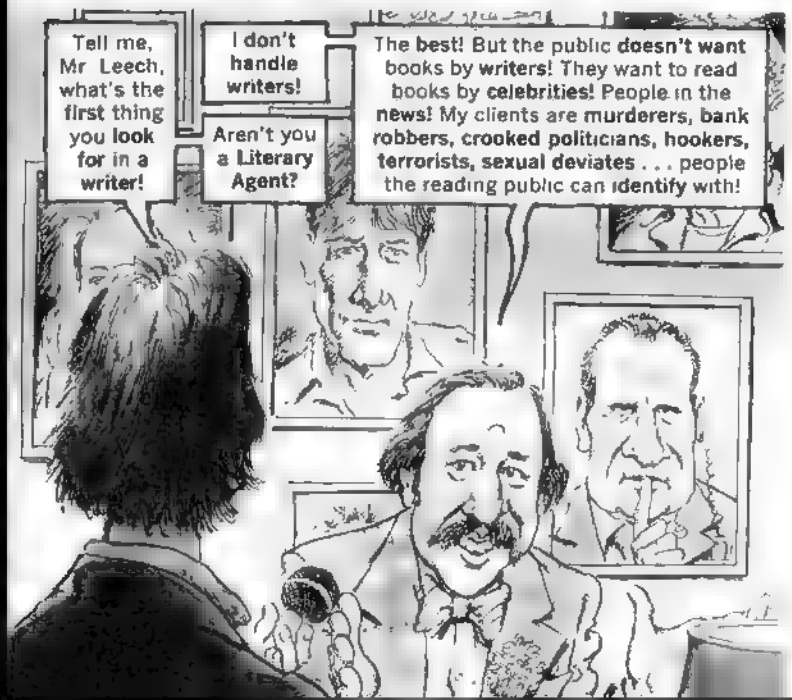
BOOK WORMS DEPT.

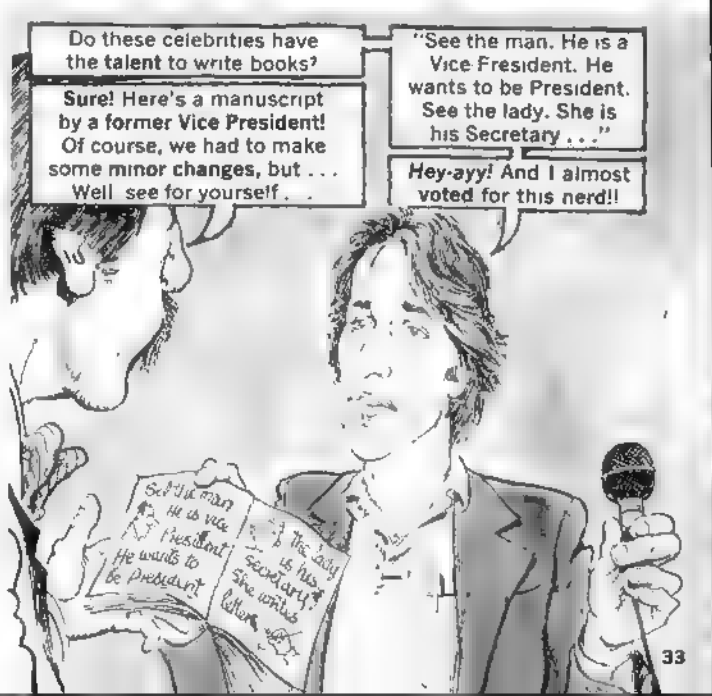
Hi! I'm **Henry Wrinkler, Yale, Class of '71!** What, you may ask, is a **Yale man** doing conducting one of these idiotic interviews for **MAD Magazine?** Well, it's all part of my campaign to **get rid** of the **"Fonzie image!** Recently, I did a TV Special on **Shakespeare** . . . and now I'm going to the **other** end of the literary spectrum! And **MAD** is about as **far** from Shakespeare as you can **get!** ***Hey-Yayy!*** So, okay, you nerds . . . let's go! I'm here to interview **Mr. Chutzpah Leech,** who has been selected as . . .

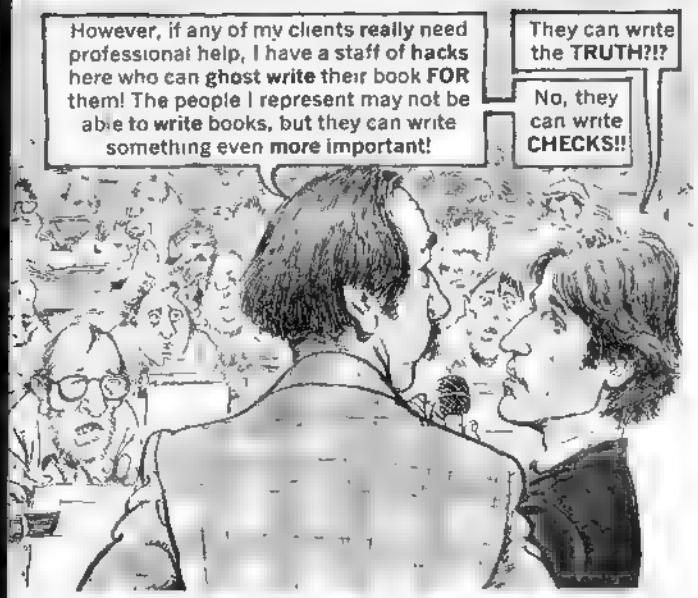
MAD'S LITERARY AGENT OF THE YEAR

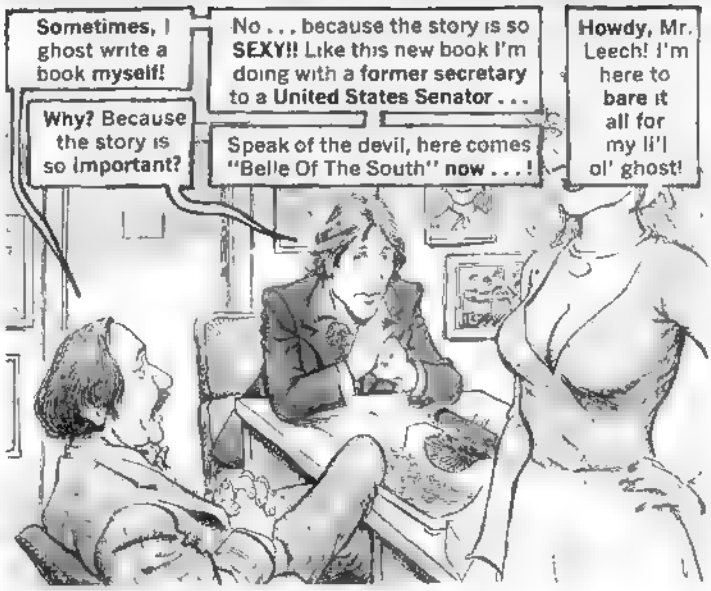


ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

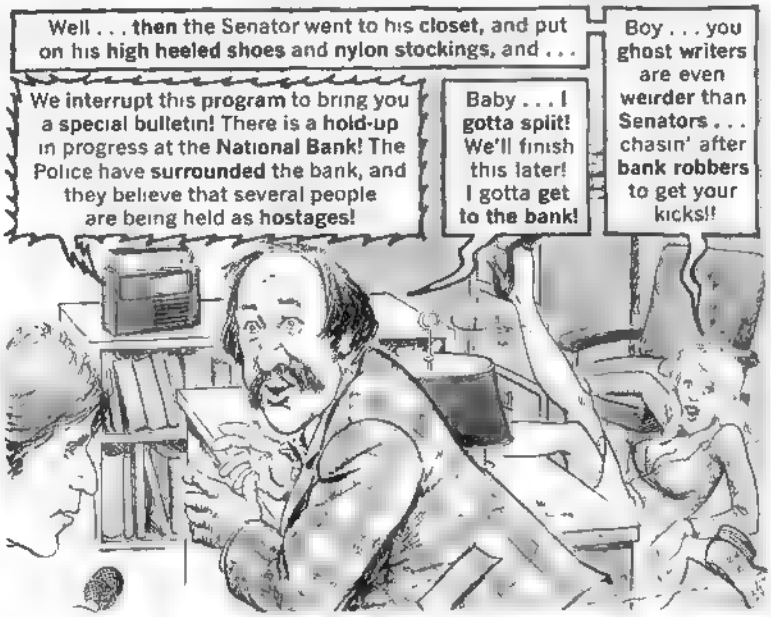




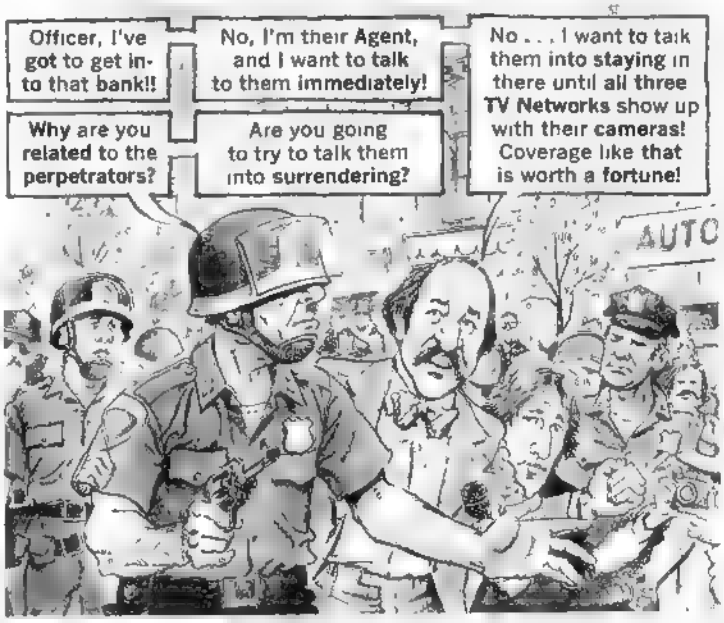

However, if any of my clients really need professional help, I have a staff of hacks here who can ghost write their book FOR them! The people I represent may not be able to write books, but they can write something even more important!
They can write the TRUTH?!?
No, they can write CHECKS!!

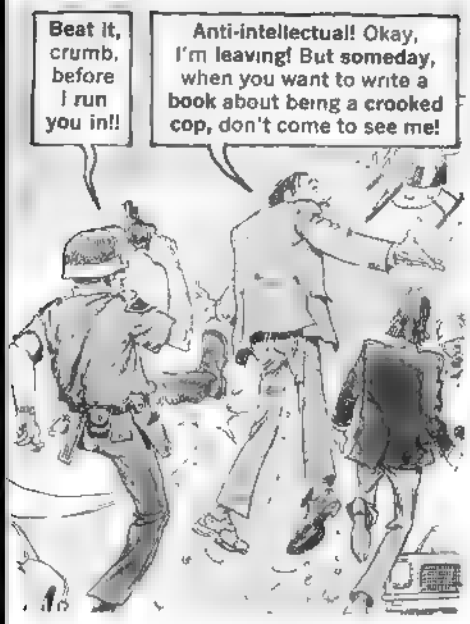

Sometimes, I ghost write a book myself!
Why? Because the story is so important?
No . . . because the story is so SEXY!! Like this new book I'm doing with a former secretary to a United States Senator . . .
Speak of the devil, here comes "Belle Of The South" now . . . !
Howdy, Mr. Leech! I'm here to bare it all for my li'l ol' ghost!

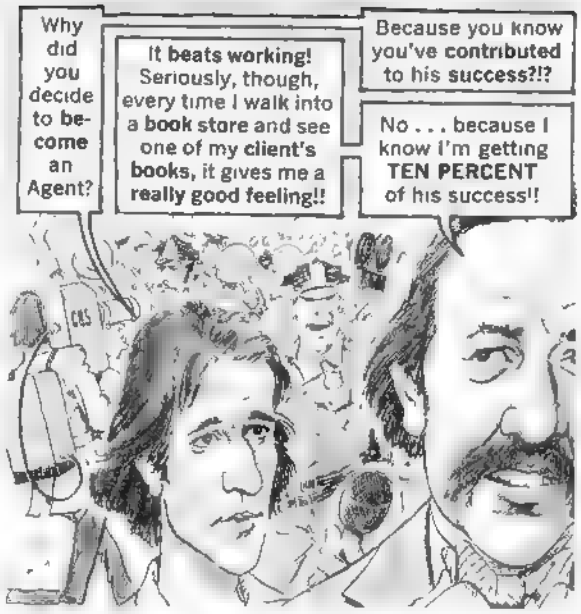
Now, tell ol' Chutz all the dirty stuff in your own sweet way!
Er . . . should I play the tape recorder that I hid under the vibrating bed . . . ?
Was it voice-activated?
No . . . you had to put a quarter in it . . . and then the bed shook like a plate of grits on a cold and frosty mornin'!

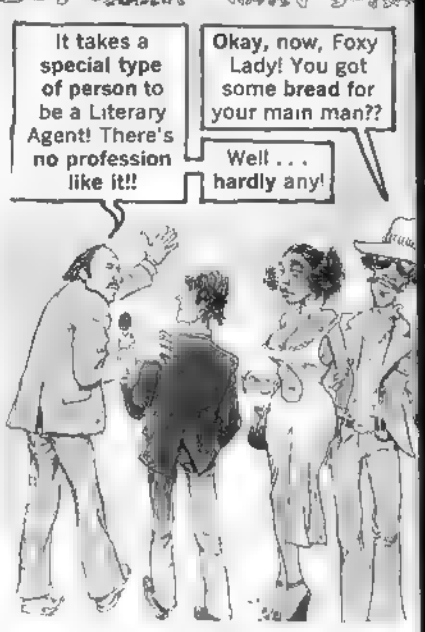

Well . . . then the Senator went to his closet, and put on his high heeled shoes and nylon stockings, and . . .
We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin! There is a hold-up in progress at the National Bank! The Police have surrounded the bank, and they believe that several people are being held as hostages!
Baby . . . I gotta split! We'll finish this later! I gotta get to the bank!
Boy . . . you ghost writers are even weirder than Senators . . . chasin' after bank robbers to get your kicks!!

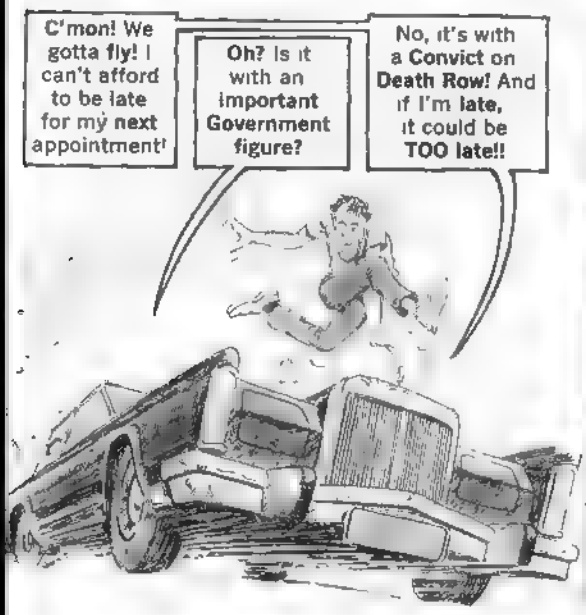
What's the big rush? Do you have money in that bank . . . ?
I gotta get there before the other Agents do . . . and try to sign those crooks to a contract! Who knows . . . ?! This could turn out to be another "Dog Day Afternoon"!!


Officer, I've got to get into that bank!!
Why are you related to the perpetrators?
No, I'm their Agent, and I want to talk to them immediately!
Are you going to try to talk them into surrendering?
No . . . I want to talk them into staying in there until all three TV Networks show up with their cameras! Coverage like that is worth a fortune!
AUTO


Beat it, crumb, before I run you in!!
Anti-intellectual! Okay, I'm leaving! But someday, when you want to write a book about being a crooked cop, don't come to see me!

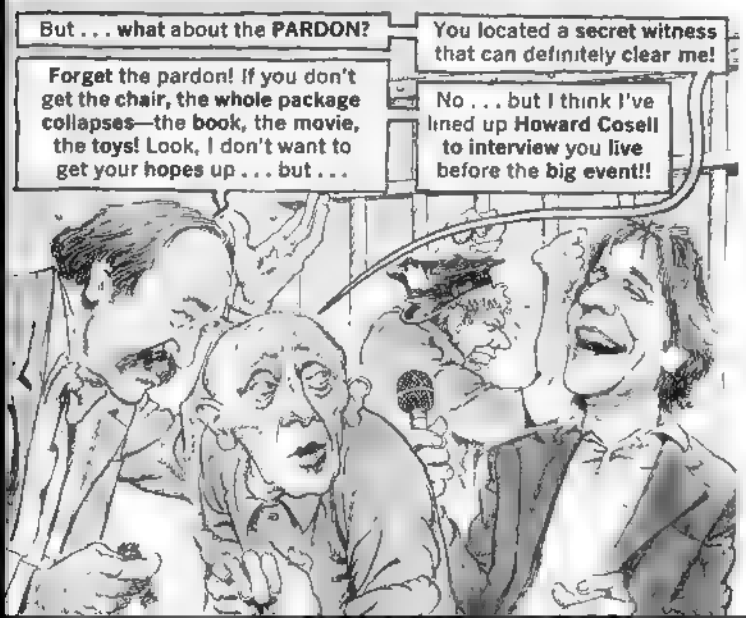

Why did you decide to become an Agent?
It beats working! Seriously, though, every time I walk into a book store and see one of my client's books, it gives me a really good feeling!!
Because you know you've contributed to his success?!?
No . . . because I know I'm getting TEN PERCENT of his success!!

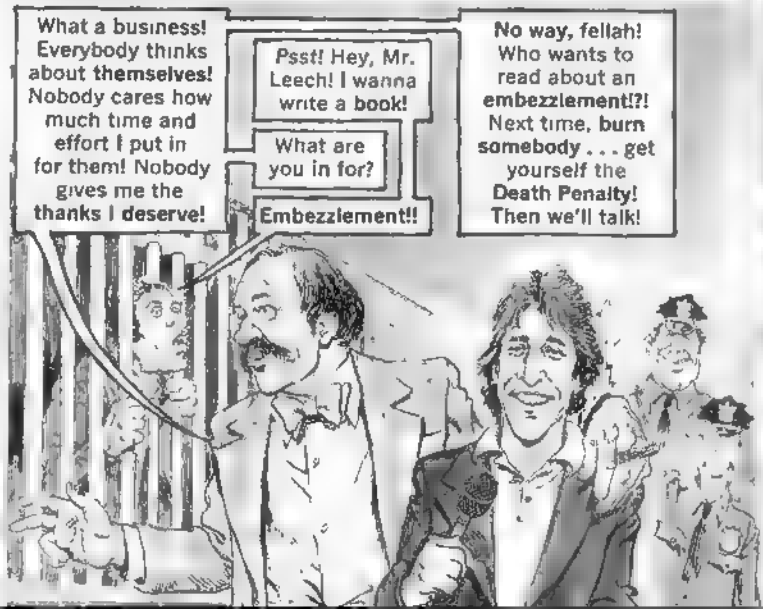

It takes a special type of person to be a Literary Agent! There's no profession like it!!
Okay, now, Foxy Lady! You got some bread for your main man??
Well . . . hardly any!


C'mon! We gotta fly! I can't afford to be late for my next appointment!
Oh? Is it with an important Government figure?
No, it's with a Convict on Death Row! And if I'm late, it could be TOO late!!

I've got great news for you!!
The Governor came through with my pardon?
No, I signed a terrific Tee Shirt deal! See?? Aren't these beautiful?
I guarantee they'll outsell Farrah Fawcett Majors'!
GIVE ME THE JUICE

But what'd the GOVERNOR say?
He said he'd take a dozen!


But . . . what about the PARDON?
Forget the pardon! If you don't get the chair, the whole package collapses—the book, the movie, the toys! Look, I don't want to get your hopes up . . . but . . .
You located a secret witness that can definitely clear me!
No . . . but I think I've lined up Howard Cosell to interview you live before the big event!!


What a business! Everybody thinks about themselves! Nobody cares how much time and effort I put in for them! Nobody gives me the thanks I deserve!
Psst! Hey, Mr. Leech! I wanna write a book!
What are you in for?
Embezzlement!!
No way, fellah! Who wants to read about an embezzlement!?! Next time, burn somebody . . . get yourself the Death Penalty! Then we'll talk!

Are ALL of your clients hookers or Crooks or killers?

Not all of them! I also represent some very famous MOVIE STARS . . . and most of their books are on the Best-Seller list!

I guess people like to read about how a Star becomes a Star!

No, people like to read about all the other Stars a Star went to bed with!

Mr Leech . . I'm a writer looking for a Literary Agent!

You got a track record?

Well, I won four awards for writing in college, I've had several short stories published, and I just completed a novel!

I don't handle amateurs! You want Leech to represent you, do something sensational! Get yourself executed, impeached, or thrown out of office! Go commit a crime, take hostages, get yourself on the TV News!

Is turning down young writers the toughest part of your job?

No, the toughest part is when I get a fat royalty check from a publisher, and I gotta turn over 90% of it to some ingrate writer!!

CHUTZPAH

I'm a Pro Hockey Player! I want to write a book about all of the violence in the NHL!

That violence shtick has been done to death! You wanna do a Jock Book, you gotta have a fresh angle! Wait I got it! Announce that you're coming out of the closet! We'll call the book, "The Gay Goalie"!!

But . . . I'm STRAIGHT!

Don't be so technical! How about this?? You get one of them Sex Change operations like that Tennis Player!! Your book will be at the top of the list!!

Forget it! I won't write the book!!

That's the trouble with writers today! Nobody wants to make sacrifices! Oh, where have the true artists gone??

CHUTZPAH LEECH

Hey, dig this article in *Variety*! Books are BIG BUSINESS! Books by real writers about real people! *Hmmmm . .*

You mean the public is reading BOOKS again?!

They're not reading them! They're watching them on TV!!

I did what you said! I took some hostages! Now, all I have to do is get on the TV News . . . and I can write a book about my experiences!

Forget it, kid! I'm looking for REAL books! Epic novels that can be dragged out for ten or twelve hours on Television!

What'll I do with these people . . . ?!

That's YOUR problem! Just get 'em out of here! I'm a busy man!

Get me Haley on the phone!

What do you mean, "Which one?"!? The guy who wrote "ROOTS" and "AIRPORT"!!

This is Henry Wrinkler, signing off for MAD Magazine! *Hey-yayy! Whoa-ooh!*

CLASS STRUGGLE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT A MODERN HIGH SCHOOL

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

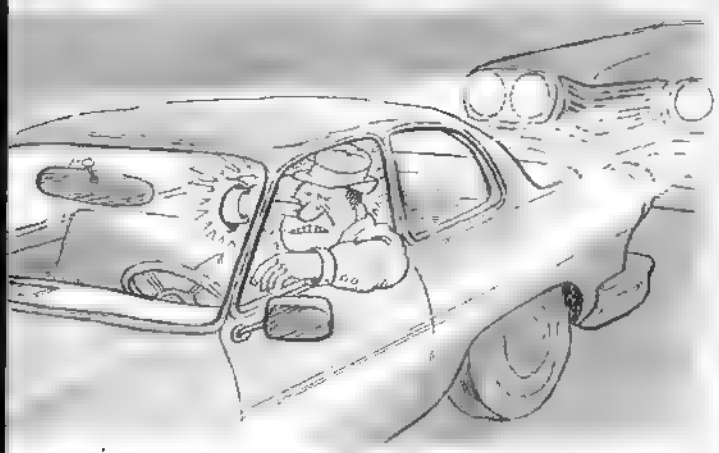
Hey, Man! How come you don't wear a school jacket! You should be proud! We're UNDEFEATED!
WHAT undefeated?! That dummy Basketball Team hasn't won a game yet!
Yeah . . . but we're undefeated in the "After Game Riots"!
This "Integration" is strictly a downer! I gotta get up an hour earlier . . . get bused clear across town . . . and all the dudes in my classes are Black! Like, the only White guy I see is the Basketball Coach!!
Have a beer!
No. I'm afraid!
You're too chicken to drink beer?!?
It's not that! If I drink beer, I'll have to go to the John! And in this school, that's ONE place I'm afraid to go!!
Man, I sure wish we were allowed to pray in school!
I thought you were an atheist!
There are no atheists during finals!
Do you realize how much this computer cost the taxpayers . . . and you kids hardly touch it!!
That thing is a ripoff, Teach!
Yeah! It can't even pick four winners for us in the weekly Football Pool!
I don't quite understand it, but you've been accepted by the State University! However, you'll have to take Remedial Reading, Remedial English and Remedial Math! Do you have any idea what you want to be . . . ?
Yeah . . . a Remedial Doctor!
STUDENT COUNCILLER

Of course, I believe in the First Amendment! But the answer is still "No!" The Cheering Section cannot spell out "EAST SIDE HIGH SUCKS"!!
Man, I hate these co-ed Phys. Ed. classes!
Are you off your bird? Don't you dig chicks in shorts?
Yeah, but it's ruining my cool image, getting beat in Volley Ball by a bunch of girls!
I've got some good news and some bad news! First, the good news! Some of the students actually used the new set of Encyclopedias today!
That's splendid! Now . . . what's the bad news . . . ?
Seven volumes are missing!
QUIET
I must say, I'm surprised! You, the Class President . . . cheating!
Man, how do you think I got elected President?!
What did your Mother say when you didn't come home all night?
She didn't say anything! She was away for the weekend with her boyfriend!
Boy, you're lucky! I wish MY parents were divorced!
We have got to do something about all this "CUTTING"!!
But students have always cut classes!
Who's talking about students!? I mean the TEACHERS!!

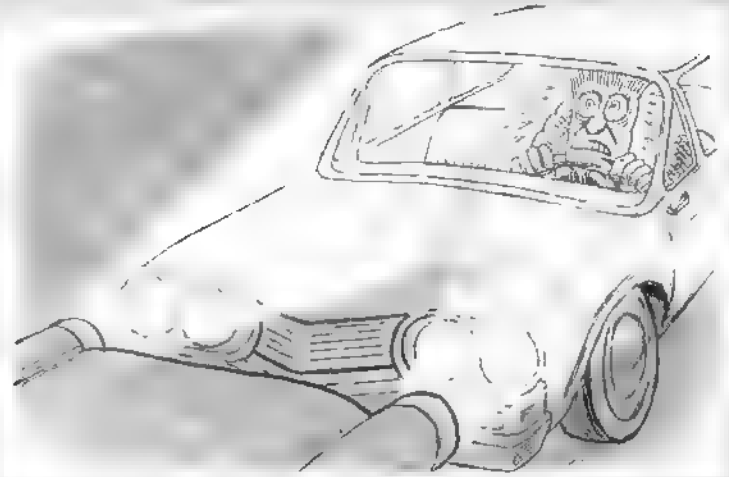
NECESSITY FOR THAT MOTHER DEPT.

INVENTIONS WE

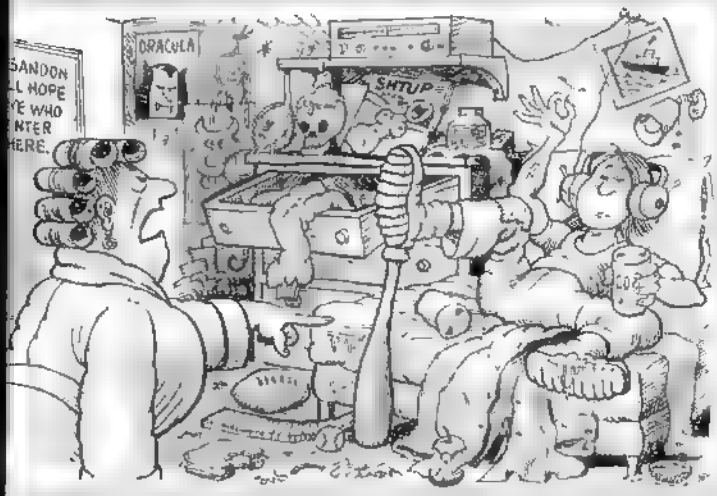
FOR TAILGATERS WITH BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS ON . . .



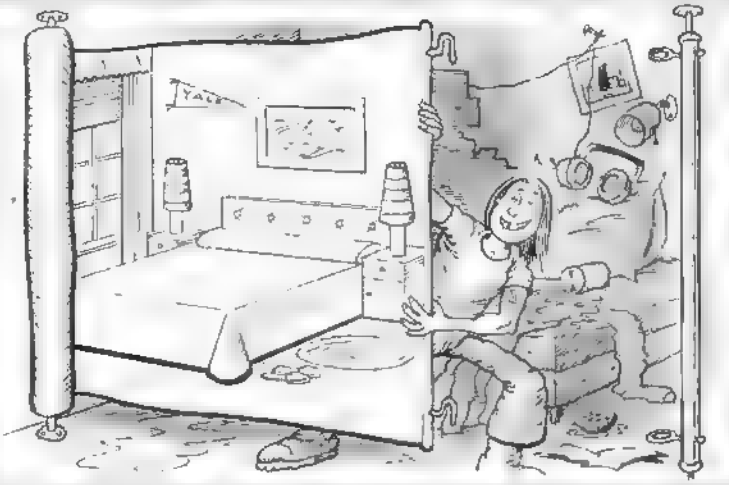
REAR-MOUNTED BRIGHT LIGHTS



FOR MESSY ROOMS THAT NEED QUICK CLEANINGS . . .

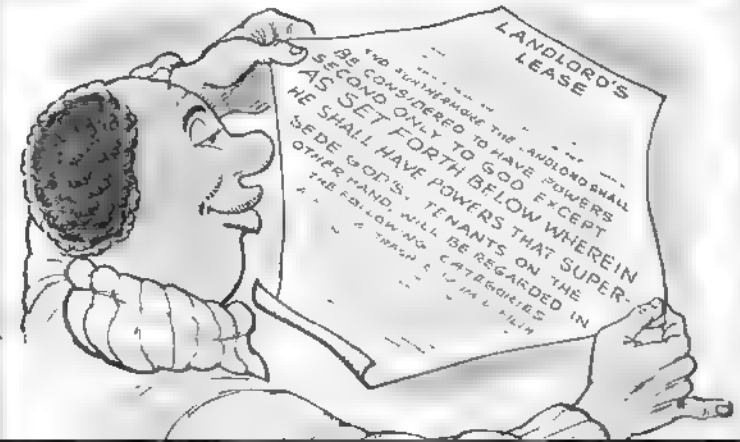


INSTANT-NEAT SCREENS



FOR THAT HARD-TO-READ SMALL PRINT . . .

STRETCHABLE PAPER



'D LIKE TO SEE

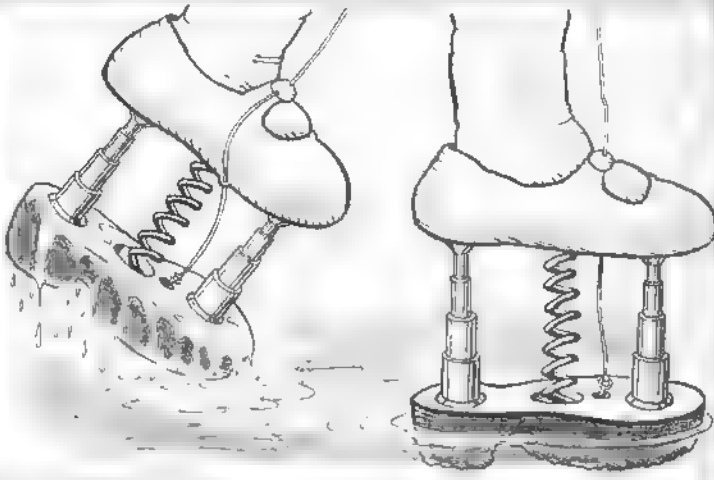
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

FOR THOSE LIP-AND-TONGUE-SCALDING BEVERAGES . . .

THERMOMETER WARNING SPOONS

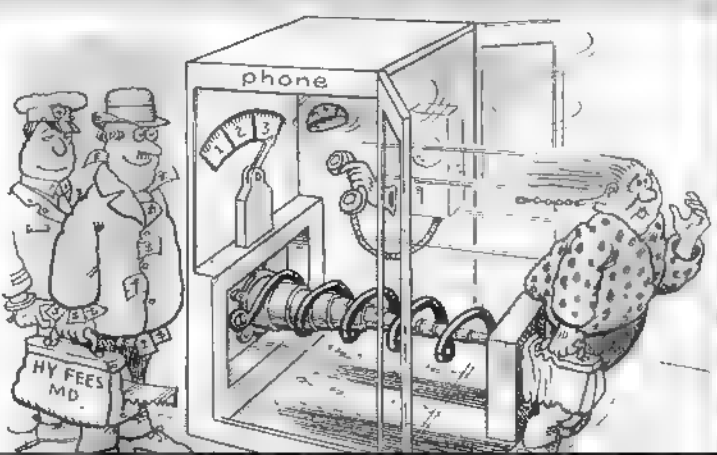
FOR PEOPLE WHO FORGET GALOSHES IN WET WEATHER . . .

BUILT-IN PUDDLE CROSSERS



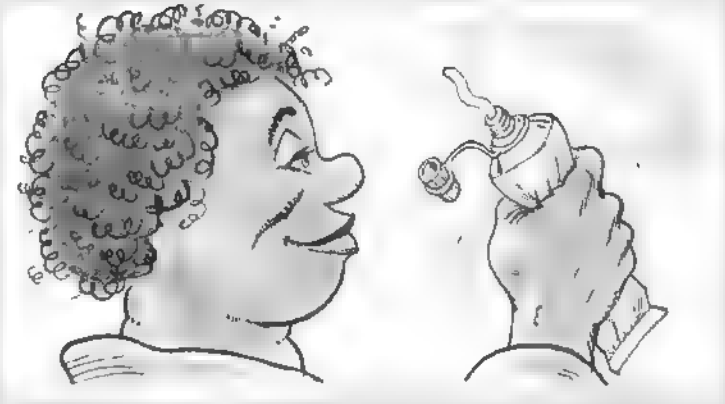
FOR MONOPOLIZED PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTHS . . .

THREE-MINUTE TIMED EJECTORS



FOR THOSE ELUSIVE, DISAPPEARING TUBE TOPS . . .

TOOTHPASTE TUBE TOP GUARDS

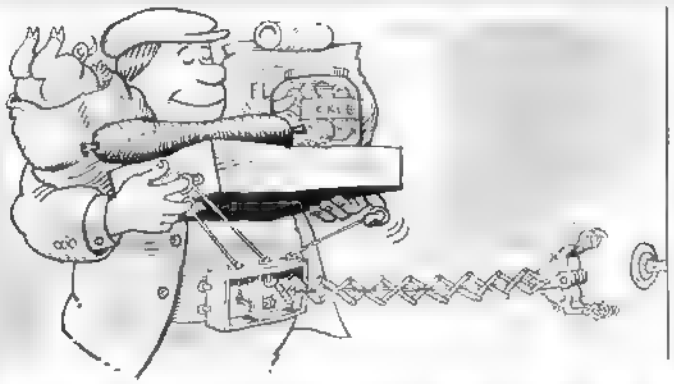


FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE HAVING THEIR FOOD TASTED . . .

SAMPLE-PROOF PLATES

FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SELF-SLAMMING DOORS . . .

EXTENDING THIRD-ARM DOOR-HOLDERS

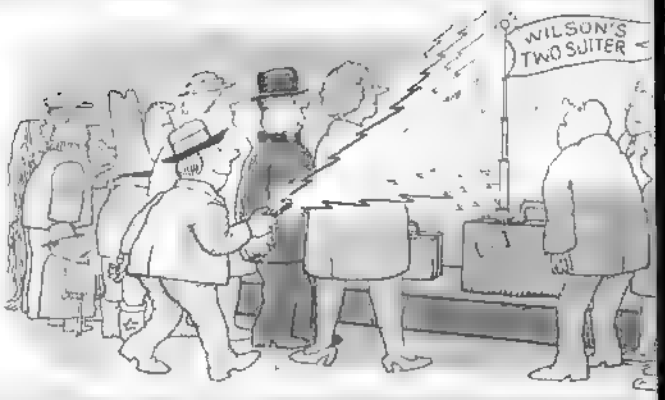


FOR PEOPLE CURSED WITH NOISY SLEEP MATES . . .

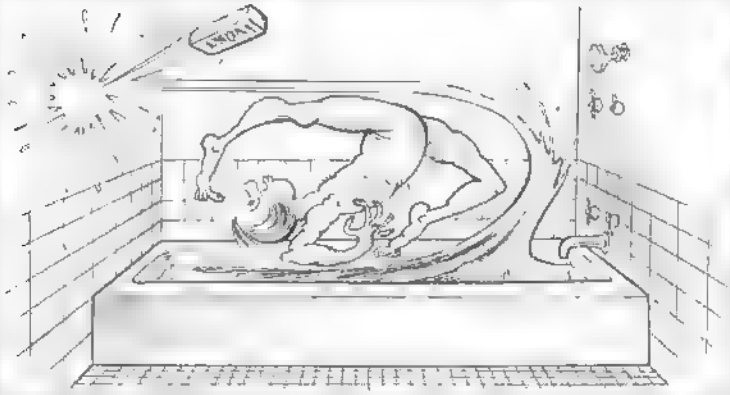
SOUND-PROOF ISOLATION BELLS

FOR CROWDED AIRLINE BAGGAGE PICK-UP AREAS . . .

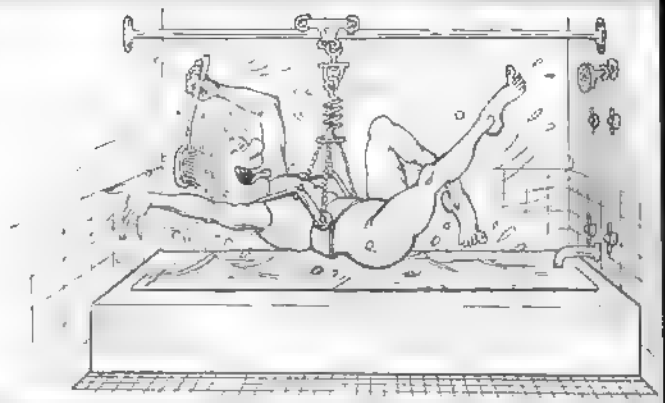
REMOTE-CONTROLLED LUGGAGE-IDENTIFIERS



FOR ACCIDENT-PRONE BATHERS . . .



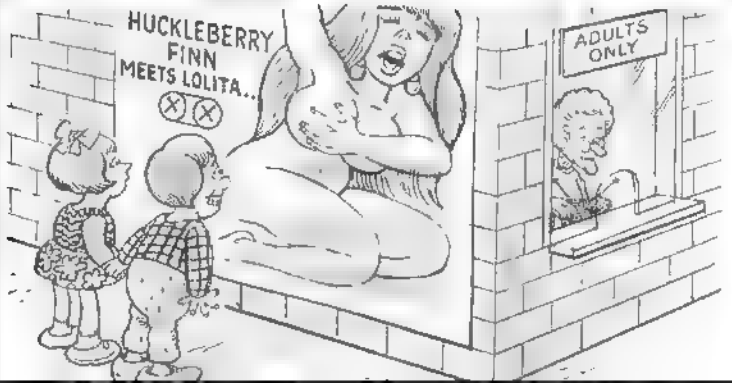
SLIP-PROOF SAFETY HARNESSES WITH OVERHEAD TRACKS



FOR CHRONIC UMBRELLA-MISPLACERS . . .

PERSONAL PORT-A-BRELLA SCABBARDS

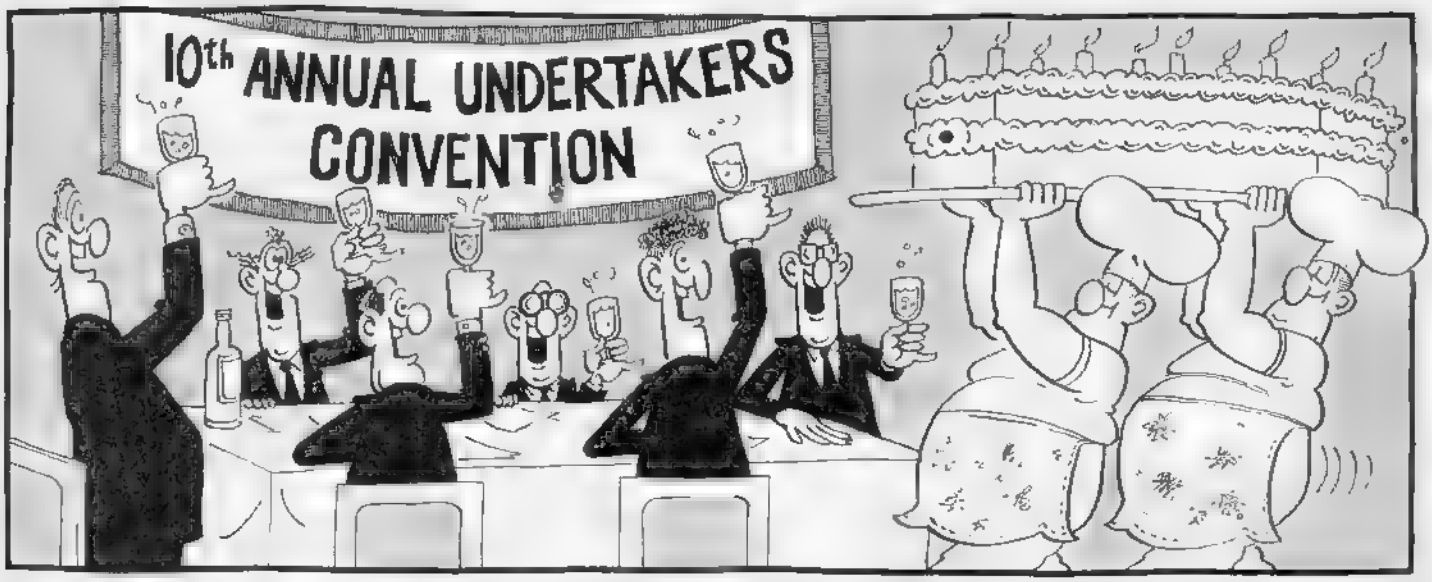
FOR UNDERAGE "R" AND "X"-RATED MOVIE GOERS . . .

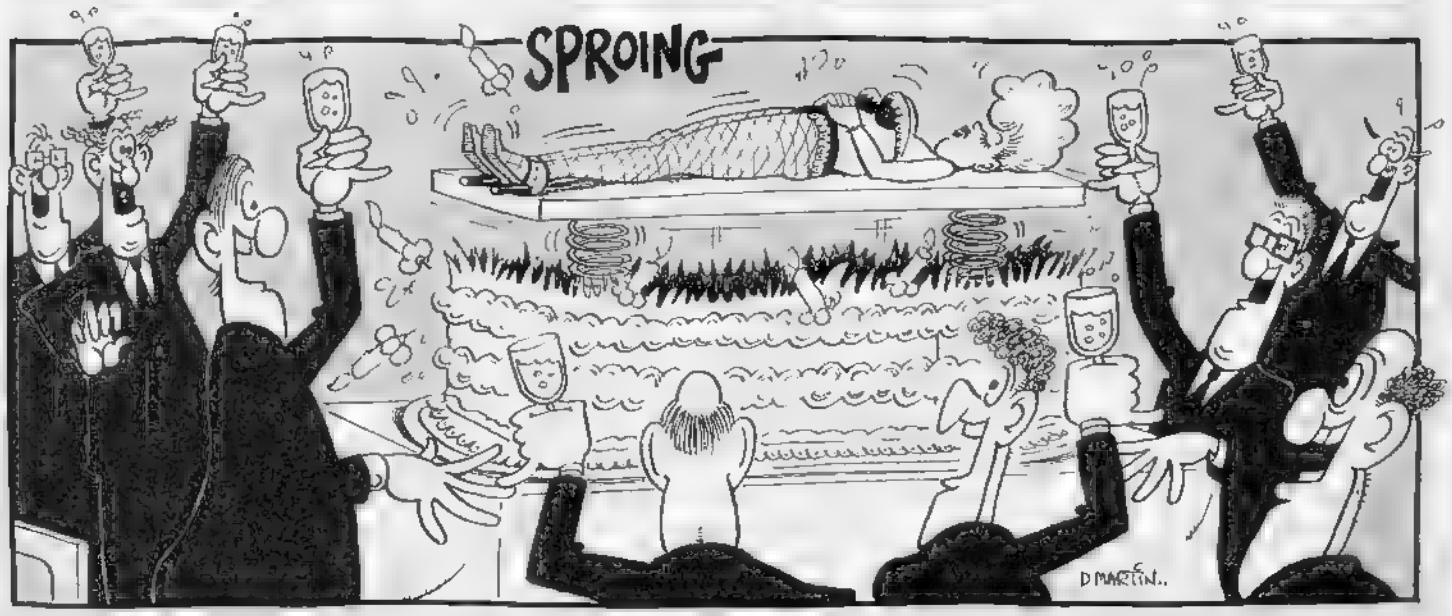


INSTANT AGING KITS

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

EARLY ONE EVENING IN ATLANTIC CITY





Crassy, you've been poring over that TV Guide for an hour! Are you stumped by their "difficult" crossword puzzle?

No, I'm looking to see if our show is still on the air!

Of course we're still on the air! We were the smash "Adult SitCom" of the season!

What season was that . . . ?

Last year's 3rd Season on ABC! In just a few weeks, our ratings went right through the roof!

But can we LAST? Do we have the STAYING power? After all, our premise is very FLIMSY! That could only HURT us!

Yeah, but your costumes are even flimsier That could only HELP us!

We don't have what the OTHER Girl Teams on TV have . . . !

I know what you mean! We may not have the warmth or the talent of "Mary" or "Rhoda"! We're not as lovably zany as "Laverne and Shirley"! And we're not as undressed as "Charlie's Angels"! At least I'M not! But we DO have one thing they don't have! A MAN living in the same apartment with us!

Yeah! Isn't that a little queer?!

Oh, no! He's only pretending to be! Actually . . .

SWITCH HIT DEPT.

HE'S COMPANY

Morning, Tacky! How'd you sleep last night?

Unfortunately . . . ALONE!!

Tacky, did you forget? You're supposed to be a homosexual!

I know!! I know!!!

Do you believe this role, folks? You've heard of "Queen For A Day"? Meet "Queen For A Whole SERIES"!

C'mon, Crassy! You know I'm not really gay! That's just a ploy the writers dreamed up so that there'd be oodles of plot possibilities!

OODLES?!

Are you SURE you're not gay!

Listen, I'm a normal guy with normal urges! So—c'mon! Let's make out . . . !

We can't! We have a pact!! As long as you're living here, there can't be any SEX between us!

PACT?! I don't remember making a pact with you!!

The pact is with ABC!!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

There! Now everything is in . . . giggle! giggle! top shape!

Mainly, with this low cut top of MINE . . . you can sure see MY shape!

And there she is, forcing a line of dialogue—revealing all the comedy timing of the Bay Of Pigs Invasion!!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Okay, you three! Open up this door right now!!

Quick! Hide in the closet! It's our LANDLORD!

Landlord?! But, that scene is supposed to be played with a jealous Husband!

Not on this TV Network! So go hide . . . and then "come out of the closet"! It's time to pretend you're a Homosexual!

Oh, no! Not again! Why must I go through this ridiculous CHARADE every week?

Let me put it this way: If you DIDN'T . . this show would be as controversial as "Archie, Betty and Veronica"!

Mr. Doper . . . why do you keep barging in here every night and bugging us?!

Because we want to know exactly what's going on with you three?!?

. . . And would you like to make it FOUR?!

Well, you can rest easy, Mr. Doper! Nothing kinky or degenerate—like NORMAL SEX—is going on in this apartment!

Nor, incidentally, in MY apartment!!

That's a relief! I'd hate to spoil the building's good name!

GOOD NAME?!? Right now, it's listed in the phone directory as "The Limp Wrist Arms"!

TA DA♪

Level with me, Tacky! Are you REALLY a homosexual . . . or are you pulling my leg?

If I DID pull your leg, it'd kind of settle the question, wouldn't it?!?

Why would two nice girls like you want to live with a degenerate queer faggot like him?!

Because we like him! He's good company! And besides, there are practical reasons! He helps share the rent, and he's handy around the house! He changes light bulbs and fixes toasters!

Hmmmm! Probably AC-DC!!

And he's a fantastic gourmet cook! He whips up absolutely delicious breakfast dishes!!

I'll bet! Like . . . [redacted] LOOPS!

No! He really IS a great cook! He serves us meals fit for a king!

Sure . . . prepared by a QUEEN!!

Now is not the time to start up with these kids, Stonely!
Why not?!?
Because now is the time when we start up with EACH OTHER!
Hoo-boy!! Here it comes . . . the part of the show where Mrs. Doper hits Mr. Doper with a string of embarrassing "impotence" lines!
And ends up making HIM look more emasculated than what YOU'RE supposed to be!!

Now, Melon! Don't start up with ME about starting up with THEM!
I wouldn't start up with YOU if, once in a while, you'd start up with ME, if you know what I mean!
Now, let me get something straight—
That would certainly be a welcome change, let me tell you!
Are you daring to imply that we don't have SEX?!?
It's been so long since somebody touched me, my body is covered with cobwebs!
Those aren't cobwebs, lady! Those are wrinkles!
RING! RING!

Thank God! Saved by the bell!
I'll get it . . .
There are three of us here! How come you always answer the door?
Listen, those TV Viewers didn't tune in to see YOU wiggle across a room! At least I HOPE they didn't!

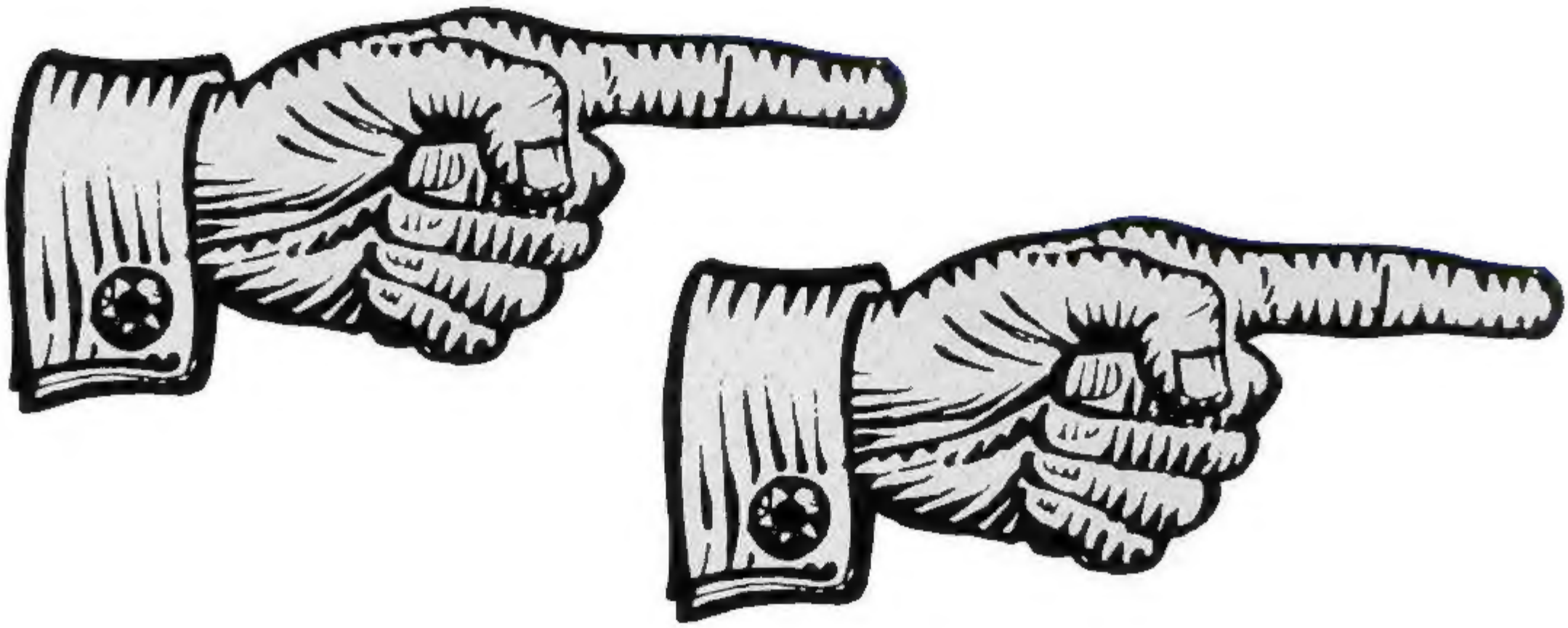
No, Luthy! you can't be in my band!
Waaahhh! But, Desi, you said I could share in your life! Baaawwww!
Look, why don't we relax and discuss it over a cup of coffee?
And Desi and I will relax over an exploding Cuban Cigar!
It's the gang from "I Love Lucy"! What are YOU all doing here?
We thought, at this point, your audience might be dying for some WHOLESOME SitCom characters and dialogue!

Well, let me tell you, I'M sick of all this bad taste dialogue and sexual innuendoes! I'm divorcing that dirty old lady, and I'm selling the building!
Goodness! I hope the new Landlord is as tolerant of gays as you were!!
I'm not so sure about her!
HER?!
Yeah! Some wealthy lady from Florida! And here she is . . .

Hi, folks! There are gonna be some changes made around here!!
Good Lord! ANITA BRYANT!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PROMISE TO GIVE MANY OF TODAY'S STUDENTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

No one can predict what the future holds for today's college students, but if things keep going the way they're going, then there's one sure thing many of them will get! To find out what it is, fold in page as shown on the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

YOUNG PEOPLE SEEKING A HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVING BANK ON COLLEGE TO HELP ACHIEVE IT. STUDENTS WHO INTERRUPT THEIR EDUCATION TO SEEK GOOD JOBS SOON FIND IT'S PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT WITHOUT "COLLEGE DEGREE" DOCUMENTS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PROMISE TO GIVE MANY OF TODAY'S STUDENTS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BANK RUPT

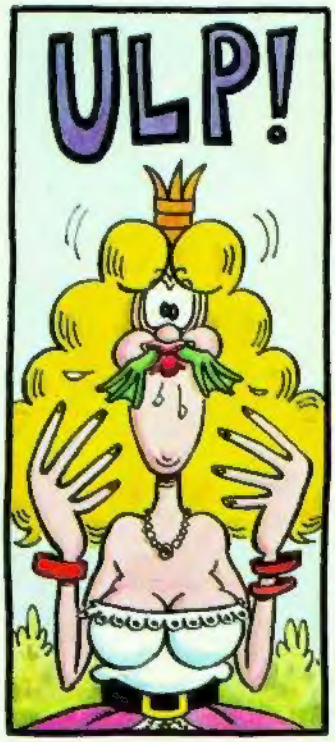
PARENTS

A▸◂B

MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST : DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING